

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND. By Sydney Brooks.

3435



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ISLE OF MY HEART.

I'm longing here my lone self
In a foreign land and fair,
Where the sun is ever gleaming
And I can live at ease;
For it's me that will be dreaming
Of the dear days that were
On that jewel of an island
In the sweet Hebrides.

The little island of my heart,
Oh! cold it is and bare—
It's bleak with rain and black with
peat.

And hungry in the foam;
But sure it's heartsome and it's sweet,
It's me that would be there—
For they're good folk and warm folk
And kind folk at home.

I'm wondering if my mother
Will be sitting by her door,
With the spinning-wheel at even,
That's humming like a bee;
She'll be bent and gray with grieving
For the dear days of yore,
And her old heart will be hungry
For her sons across the sea.

My father will be growing frail
With delving in the croft,
While a peat-smell, a sweet smell
Is broken from the land—
A blackbird pipes above the well,
And eve is falling soft—
He'll be old and worn with working
Like the spade that's in his hand.

It's a poor land, a dour land,
A hard land and cold—
The young grow weary of its yoke
And east and west they roam:
There's little there for poor folk
When they'll be growing old.
But they're near to me and dear to me,
My own folk at home.

Donald A. Mackenzie.

MORNING.

Along the lining of a soft night-cloud
the silver Dawning crept,
Hushed as the nightfall on the sea,
where deep the moonlight slept,
His nervous way among the stars the
Dawn uncertain stept.

Silent and slow from point to point
with stealthy feet he trod,
And one by one with ruthless touch
put out the lamps of God,
Then down the East triumphantly, he
hurled his golden rod.

And bright and strong the morning
broke, the birds sang clear and
loud,

And keen the breeze came up the sky
and swept the soft night-cloud
Into the arms of Yesterday, cold, cold,
within her shroud.

The waking sun with heart of fire rose
up from out the gray,
And all the moor was painted gold, but
very far away,

I saw, like mist upon the hills, the
tears of Yesterday.

Constance Morgan.

A CHILDLESS HOUSE.

Of peace and happiness there is no
dearth

In this my home, that love has made
so dear,

Yet oft I long for one thing lacking
here.

The little presences whose heart-whole
mirth

And artless innocence have touched the
earth

With influence brought from some
diviner sphere

Where wrong is not, and love has
cast out fear—

Alas! they are absent from my child-
less hearth.

Oh were it mine, on these too silent
floors

To find some broken or discarded
toy;

To meet the glad charge of some tiny
boy;

Or now and then caress upon the
stair

Some little household gods in pina-
fores,

With bows of bright-hued ribbon in
their hair!

John Anderson Stewart.

The Thrush.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

The recent elections, a severe blow for the Liberals, were an even severer one for the Irish Nationalists. For the first time since he rose to "the leadership of the Irish race at home and abroad," Mr. Redmond found his authority effectively challenged. He endured but did not enjoy the experience of a whole series of contested seats. He lost eleven of them and lost them under circumstances that threaten a still greater defection at the next appeal to the country. Over a considerable section of Ireland politics suddenly ceased to be froth and faction. They became instead unwontedly linked, linked as they had not been since the Parnell split, with specific and ponderable issues, with the land taxes and the increased whisky and licensing duties of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, with the policy of the Nationalist Party towards the Wyndham Act, with the whole question of political bossism. Many causes and influences that have for years been slowly sapping the foundations of official Nationalism found in Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy spokesmen and champions of a rare fire and pungency. It was their revolt, and the success it met with, that was the one really unforeseen development of the General Election. Its consequences have been very great. But for the fear of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Redmond would never have pointed his alternative of "No Veto, no Budget" so abruptly at the head of the Government. Indeed, I am not at all sure that an impartial analysis would not discover that the ultimate force behind the embarrassments and stratagems of the Ministry during the past few weeks has been the province of Munster. I am not, however, concerned at this moment with the effects of Mr. O'Brien's

émence upon the scheme of British politics so much as with its significance as a purely Irish phenomenon.

Within the past two decades a change that has all the sweep of a revolution has overtaken Ireland. The Irish mind has taken a new and most hopeful turn towards the concrete and the constructive. There is a far wider realization to-day than there ever was, or could be, before, that the upbuilding of the Irish nation depends less on the passing or the repeal of laws at Westminster, or on external assistance of any kind, than on the efforts of Irishmen in Ireland; and that those efforts, to produce their best results, must be non-political and non-sectarian. Thus, we have seen the agricultural co-operative movement, initiated by Sir Horace Plunkett, the real "Liberator" of latter-day Ireland, spread until it now embraces nearly 100,000 farmers and has organized over nine hundred co-operative creameries, poultry societies, village banks and so on. We have seen the Recess Committee, composed of men of all ranks and religions and politics, formulating a programme of material amelioration. We have seen the fruit of that programme in the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, a Department popularly governed, working with and through committees appointed by the County Councils, and for the first time bringing expert assistance and advice within reach of the peasant proprietors. We have seen the establishment of the Congested Districts Board for the resettlement of the Western peasantry on an economic basis, and for the revival and encouragement of the Western fishing and cottage industries. We have seen the building of light railways. We have seen the famous

round-table conference of landlords and tenants that brought the seven-century-old struggle for the land within sight of a decisive and more or less harmonious finish. We have seen the strong and auspicious beginnings of a movement of industrial re-creation. We have seen instance after instance in which practicality has triumphed over bigotry and partisanship; in which the politicians and the men of business have met and fraternized on a common platform in which an economic object has secured the united support of the two forces that, hitherto, to the immense disadvantage of the country have been kept apart—the force of industrial leadership on the one hand and of political leadership on the other. On all sides new spheres of non-contentious endeavor have been opened up in which all Irishmen may participate. Indeed, it is safe to assert that the past twenty years have witnessed the growth of more interest among Irishmen in the practical problems of life, and more co-operation among them in the solution of those problems, than any previous period of Irish history.

Nor do the movements I have touched on stand alone. They are reinforced, and their influence in inculcating self-dependence and a new sense of conscious and constructive nationality is made vastly more intensive and extensive by the Gaelic League and the fervor of the Celtic renaissance. The Gaelic League is an organized and enthusiastic propaganda for the revival of the old Irish tongue, the old Irish dances, folk-lore, songs and sports, for popularizing the sale of Irish goods and products, for promoting temperance, for brightening village life, raising the standard of rural economy, and implanting among the peasantry a higher conception of the comforts and embellishments of the home. It aims at an all-embracing

Irish Ireland, at the education of the people in the broadest spirit of nationality, at the building up of an Irish character and an Irish individuality in a purely Irish atmosphere. "We shall never be satisfied," said its founder, Dr. Douglas Hyde, "until, throughout the whole of Ireland, man grasps man in peace and unity." No such ideal has ever yet been put forward by any League in Ireland. All other Irish Leagues have been political, sectarian or agrarian, have made for strife and not for peace, have appealed not to the individual, but to the mob, have destroyed character instead of forming it. It is in the labors and aims of the Gaelic League that those who believe that Ireland is in the throes of some such revivification of her national spirit and character as Hungary underwent sixty odd years ago find the justification for their faith.

The resultant of these various forces—the co-operative movement, the Gaelic League, the new concerted attention to the ways and means of practical prosperity, and so on—is, first and foremost, that a new sense of interdependence is being propagated among Irishmen who hitherto have barely conceived the possibility of having anything in common. Almost for the first time in her history Ireland is working round to some realization of what nationality is. She is beginning to see that it is something beyond politics and immeasurably above the factitious partitions of social and sectarian strife. Secondly, it is perceived to-day more clearly than ever before that the salvation of Ireland depends primarily upon the efforts of the Irish people themselves working on Irish soil. The best Irish thought is turning inwards, is moving away from Westminster and concentrating upon Ireland herself, is understanding at last that it is not in the House of

Commons but in Ireland that the true current of national life flows. Thirdly, there is an increasing recognition that the deepest and most permanent questions involved in the Irish problem are questions not of constitutional change or adaptation, not primarily of material development or even of mental emancipation, but of character and spirit—questions not so much of Ireland as of Irish men and women. Great as is the economic value of the new movements of agricultural and industrial betterment, it is pre-eminently for their influence on character, for their efficacy in conquering self-distrust and encouraging virility and self-reliance, that they are most to be prized. What it comes to is that the Irish people within the past two decades have begun to throw off the disastrous belief that the cure for all their ills is to be sought in legislation, in some external agency and not in themselves; that they are gradually breaking down sectarian, social, and party barriers and coming to recognize that they are all members of one nation; that slowly they are emancipating themselves from the tyranny of leagues and committees and are beginning to think, speak and act for themselves in a quite novel spirit of individualism.

To all this must be added the immense pacification of the country induced by the Wyndham Act. Ireland, as a whole, has definitely emerged from the more acute stages of agrarian unrest. The land question, or rather the Land Tenure question, is on its way to settlement, has lost already most of its old class bitterness, and above all is ceasing to provide the motive-power for political agitation. This last is a fact of vital moment to both parties. Irish Nationalism has always posed before the world as a struggle for self-government. I am not at all sure that it

would not be better described as a movement to beat rents down. Irish Unionism, again, has always put forward Protestantism, the Crown and the Constitution as the basis of its appeal. But I am not at all sure that in reality it has not been, as much as anything else, an agitation to keep rents up. What is certain, at any rate, is that the main strength of Irish Unionism has been the landlords and of Irish Nationalism the tenants. What is not less certain is that the Home Rule movement has derived most of its impetus from the land-hunger of the peasantry. The genius of Michael Davitt, by linking the agrarian question with the national question, the desire for more land with the desire for self-government, incalculably reinforced the intensity of both demands. No one can as yet say positively whether the Irish agitation for autonomy is or is not a self-sufficing movement, or what vitality it will possess when deprived of the agrarian tumult and unrest which for thirty years and more has been its backbone. But the peace which has already followed the operations of the Wyndham Act suggests that the Irish peasant, once placed in absolute possession of his holding, will scarcely be the same man, susceptible to the same influences, as in the days when proprietorship seemed an incredible dream. Like all peasants he is more of a Tory than an agitator and more of a materialist than either, and I can easily conceive him in the near future, when he has got from political agitation all it is capable of yielding, as a steady-going force in the national equilibrium, mounting sentinel for law and order, ruling the laborers with a rod of iron, an authority on manures, selling his produce through co-operative societies, borrowing from land-banks of his own establishment, gradually effecting his escape from the gombeenman, a Na-

tionalist, but a placid one, with his pockets rigidly buttoned up against the treasurer of whatever may be the fashionable League of the moment.

In the same way it is impossible that the expropriation of landlordism should not profoundly affect the prospects and temper of Unionism. The land has always been the supreme rallying-point of Unionist defence as well as of Nationalist attack; and the fact that the pillars of the Unionist party are ceasing to be landlords, are relinquishing their last position of authority, are abandoning a sphere in which have been gathered all the worst animosities of Irish history, are no longer warring with tenants but living at peace with neighbors, means that a "change of heart" must insensibly pass over such of them as remain in the country, that they will slowly abandon the habit of looking upon themselves as units in a British garrison, that they will identify themselves, to a degree hitherto impossible, with the lives and aspirations of the people around them. But in many other ways we find a process of disintegration at work. The rise of a Labor party in Belfast, the formation of the Independent Orange League, and the gradual revolt of English Unionists from the dictation of the Ulster extremists are all tokens of a sweeping transformation. Young Ulster, I conceive, is not so satisfied as it was to be the passive tool of a faction, to nourish a barren sectarianism or to look across the Channel for the centre of Irish interests. It is showing a disposition to break loose from boss rule, to outgrow the garrison theory of its existence, and to get in touch once more with the main stream of Irish nationality. At the same time the workings of the Local Government Act, the committees that in each county advise and assist the Department of Agriculture, the meetings that

are held in support of the co-operative movement and to a lesser extent the Gaelic League, are having an immense and pacifying effect throughout Ulster as throughout all Ireland in bringing men of all creeds, classes and parties together for the common good. Ireland, again, used to be all black or all white, all Nationalist or all Unionist. But within the last few years there has come to the surface a neutral, grayish tinge of political opinion that, while anxious to preserve the Parliamentary Union between the two countries, favors a wide and liberal extension of Irish control over purely Irish affairs. This it must be borne in mind is not a recession on the part of the Nationalists; it is an advance on the part of the Unionists, not of all Unionists, but of some of their most enlightened and constructive members. The significance of this movement is far greater than its numerical strength. It means much for the future of Ireland that already there should be Unionists who have become alive to the expensive inadequacies of the Irish form of Government, who realize its lack of responsiveness to the needs and sentiments of the people, who have broken loose from the prejudices of their class and creed and environment, are building up a body of moderate opinion, are organizing Irish sentiment against the continuance of many tangible and recognized abuses, and are groping their way towards a policy which, without being Home Rule, will go a long way towards satisfying the Irish sense of nationality and will unite all Irishmen on a non-partisan and non-sectarian platform of internal betterment.

But the influence of the many forces that are shaping what is little less than a new Ireland is visible even more among the Nationalists than among the Unionists; and wherever it is visible it is in the character of a

dissolvent. The Nationalists have singularly failed to adjust themselves to the conditions and movements of the times. The Gaelic League, for instance, had won an established place for itself before the Nationalist Members of Parliament seemed even aware of its existence; and to the Agricultural Co-operative movement, to the activities of the Department of Agriculture, and, indeed, to every effort to make Ireland more prosperous and self-reliant and to regenerate her from within the Party leaders have opposed an obstruction as unremitting as it has been futile. The new spirit of individualism and virility, the new conception of a higher and all-embracing nationality, have propagated an atmosphere that is fundamentally hostile to the idea of a pledge-bound, mechanical, arbitrary Party and to the gasconading resolutions, the stifling of private thought, the enforcement of a made-to-order mob-opinion, and all the other ingenious and demoralizing methods of organized terrorism by which that Party carries on its propaganda. All that is most vigorous and aggressive in Irish Nationalism revolts against the Party's compliance with clerical demands and against the foreign subsidies that enable it to stand between the Irish people and the genuine, self-contained and constructive Home Rule movement which, but for the politicians, would assuredly be evoked. The Irish Party has always confounded nationality with politics and has always dubbed as anti-national those who did not subscribe to its own political formulae. The new Ireland relegates politics to a secondary place, works for a union of all Irishmen and welcomes everything, from whatever source, that contributes to Irish well-being. The Irish Party has consistently acted on the principle that the salvation of Ireland is to be wrought by speeches and ma-

neuvres in the House of Commons; it has neglected the intellectual, moral, and economic progress of the country in order to concentrate all its strength on the constitutional panacea; it has denied that Ireland could be prosperous without Home Rule, and it has opposed and condemned every effort to make her prosperous as an act of treason to the national cause. The new Ireland, on the other hand, relies for the regeneration of the country and its people upon the practical work of Irishmen in Ireland, scouts the notion that the Irish question is a question of politics merely, and insists that the task of betterment shall no longer be postponed till an Irish Parliament is able to take it in hand. Thus, the Irish Party has contrived to separate itself at more than one point from the best Irish thought. It has no solution to propose except politics, cattle-driving, and agitation for the thousand and one problems that the creation of a peasant proprietary has called into being; and it continues to display a ceaseless jealousy of every non-partisan effort to promote the welfare of the new order. The policy of the Irish Nationalists has, indeed, been little less sterile, sectional and negative than the policy of the Irish Unionists. They have made no attempt to conciliate Ulster and they have shown a misunderstanding of the English nature and character hardly less complete than the English misunderstanding of the Irish nature and character.

Moreover, the Party possesses no leader who is even the shadow of a Parnell. Mr. Redmond is a far greater power in the House of Commons than he ever has been or can be in Ireland. Under his leadership the discipline and *personnel* of the organization have steadily declined. The gombeenman, the publican, and the priest pull the strings to which Mr. Redmond's fol-

lowers dance. The people, as a whole, have wearied of them or regard them merely as play-actors provided for their diversion. They will do anything rather than subscribe for their support. Mr. O'Brien has raised more money in a few weeks for *The Cork Accent* than the official Nationalists have been able to collect from all Ireland in a whole year. The Irish people are perfectly able to finance their own politics. O'Connell who engineered a far more powerful agitation than Mr. Redmond will ever lead never owed a penny to extra-Irish sources. But such is the indifference of the modern Nationalists that their leaders have to tramp the world, cap in hand, begging for the means to carry on their propaganda. Mr. Redmond only a few weeks ago admitted that had it not been for the donations raised in America by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Party would have been bankrupt at the recent election; and Mr. Dillon, a year or two back, declared with unwonted candor that "the National cause in Ireland could not live for one six months if it was deprived of the support of the Irish nation across the Atlantic. . . . If the National cause is killed in America, it will soon die in Ireland." In other words Home Rule is so destitute of native vitality and local support that it must either be financed from overseas or collapse. A more damning confession has never, I suppose, been made by a political leader.

But what perhaps more than anything else has disenchanted the Irish people with the Nationalist Party is, first, the extent to which Mr. Redmond has allowed it to be captured by a junta of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and, secondly, the treachery of the Party leaders to the compact that ended the struggle for the land. Partly because they were unwilling to throw away a vital weapon of agi-

tation, partly because they believed that the tenants were paying too high a price, and partly because certain prominent Nationalists were not included in the famous Conference of 1902—and the vanity of her politicians is one of the greatest of Ireland's curses—the Nationalists have for the past five or six years persistently thwarted the workings of the Wyndham Act, and a few months ago assented to an Amending Act which appears so far to have brought the policy of land purchase outside the Congested Districts to an almost complete stoppage. Mr. O'Brien, on the other hand, has not only fought the domination of the Molly Maguires but has also stood to the agreement of 1902 with a manliness and courage that have won him the confidence and respect, not of Munster alone, but of all the Unionists in Ireland. Steadily insisting on the realities of the political situation—on the "iniquity," for instance, of the Budget and the futility of thinking that England will ever agree to so limit the veto of the House of Lords as to make possible the passage of a Home Rule bill—steadily championing the right of Irishmen to say what they think, seeking the path of practicality and peace. Mr. O'Brien at the first onset has dealt the Nationalist party a staggering, possibly a fatal, blow. Until his dramatic onslaught one could see that Mr. Redmond and his followers were being played upon by two impulses and were facing two alternatives. On the one hand the dying out of the land war, the exhaustion, disillusionment and indifference of the masses, threatened to rob the Nationalist movement of pretty nearly all its old driving force. On the other hand the new turn of the Irish mind towards the material and constructive, the new sense of nationality and interdependence, the gradual but sustained approximation of all Irishmen

towards a common centre, and the strengthening of the national fibre, summoned all who professed to be representative of the Irish people to the accomplishment of a more vigorous and aggressive programme. Therein lay the seed and the opportunity of such a policy as the Sinn Féiners put forward. But Mr. O'Brien has now propounded a third alternative, one that while responsive to the new and vital movements that are stirring Irish life and thought, and while strictly regardful of the material interests and upbuilding of the nation, will welcome every chance of

The English Review.

co-operation between Unionist and Nationalist and will seek to harmonize instead of aggravating their mutual differences, until, from the confidence born of association and goodwill, there is evolved a compromise that will settle the problem of Irish government just as seven years ago a compromise settled the far older and more contentious problem of Irish land. Of all the dreams of politics there are many that are more unlikely of fulfillment than the dream of a Home Rule Government with the consent, and at the prompting, of Irish men of all classes, creeds and parties.

Sydney Brooks.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE TELESCOPE.*

A perfectly clear account of the principle of the telescope was given by Roger Bacon, but there is nothing to show or suggest that he ever made an instrument. It is fully evident, from the account of his son, that Leonard Digges, a gentleman of Oxfordshire, made a telescope, which amused his friends, as a piece of parlor magic. And in the beginning of the seventeenth century three Dutchmen, probably independently, hit upon the combination of two lenses that brought the church steeple apparently nearer. Nothing is more probable than that several or many persons turned their "optic tubes" idly to the sky before Galileo

had heard the report of the invention; but nothing is more certain than that we attribute to Galileo rightly the real discovery of the telescope's power, and that the discovery was made precisely three hundred years ago.¹

The preface to the "Sidereus Nuncius" is dated "Padua, March 12, 1610." It offers to the Most Serene Cosmo de Medici, fourth Grand Duke of Tuscany, "four stars reserved for your famous name, and those not belonging to the common and less conspicuous multitude of fixed stars, but in the bright ranks of the planets"—the Medicean stars, as Galileo named them; the Galilean satellites of Jupiter, as we have

* 1. "Celestial Photographs." By Isaac Roberts. 2 vols. 1894 and 1900.

2. "The Modern Reflecting Telescope." By G. W. Ritchey. 1904.

3. "Publications of the Lick Observatory." Volume viii. 1908. And other Works.

¹ In saying this, we do not overlook the claims of Simon Marius to contemporaneity with Galileo in the discovery of Jupiter's satellites. There seems to be no doubt that Marius observed the satellites first almost on the same day as Galileo, but he published nothing until Galileo's discoveries were well known. He made excellent observations, and constructed tables of the satellites' motions which are in some respects better than Galileo's; and in his "Mundus Jovialis" he gives

a modest and convincing account of his work, and makes no claim to rivalry with Galileo. A dozen years later Galileo attacked Marius as a liar and a plagiarist to such effect that the name of Marius is reprobated in almost every history of astronomy. "The crude labors of this impudent pretender were, however, no sooner given to the world than they fell into deserved oblivion," says Grant in his well-known "History of Physical Astronomy." M. M. Oudemans and Bosscha have done good service to history in their "Rehabilitation d'un Astronome Calomnié" (Archives Néerlandaises des Sciences Exactes et Naturelles. Ser. II. tome viii. p. 115; vii. pp. 258 and 490). But it seems to us that they do their case no good when they accuse Galileo in turn of falsehood and plagiarism.

come to call them in these last years, when four others have been found. In the history of the astronomical telescope there is nothing so clear and precise as the maker's account of how he came to make the first.

About ten months ago a report reached my ears that a Dutchman had constructed a telescope, by the aid of which visible objects, although at a great distance from the eye of the observer, were seen distinctly as if near; and some proofs of its most wonderful performances were reported, which some gave credence to, but others contradicted. A few days after I received confirmation of the report in a letter written from Paris by a noble Frenchman, Jacques Badovere, which finally determined me to give myself up first to enquire into the principle of the telescope, and then to consider the means by which I might compass the invention of a similar instrument, which a little while after I succeeded in doing, through deep study of the theory of refraction; and I prepared a tube, at first of lead, in the ends of which I fitted two glass lenses, both plane on one side, but on the other side one spherically convex, and the other concave. . . .

It would be altogether a waste of time to enumerate the number and importance of the benefits which this instrument may be expected to confer, when used by land or sea. But, without paying attention to its use for terrestrial objects, I betook myself to observations of the heavenly bodies.²

A few days' observing cleared the air of clouds of bad philosophizing.

The surface of the Moon is not perfectly smooth, free from inequalities, and exactly spherical, as a large school of philosophers considers with regard to the Moon and the other heavenly bodies, but on the contrary it is full of inequalities, uneven, full of hollows and protuberances, just like the surface of the Earth itself, which is varied every-

where by lofty mountains and deep valleys.

The next object which I have observed is the essence or substance of the Milky Way. By the aid of a telescope anyone may behold this in a manner which so distinctly appeals to the senses that all the disputes which have tormented philosophers through so many ages are exploded at once by the irrefragable evidence of our eyes, and we are freed from wordy disputes upon this subject, for the galaxy is nothing else than a mass of innumerable stars planted together in clusters.

On January 7, 1610, Galileo saw for the first time three of the Medicean stars; "and although I believed them to be fixed stars, yet they made me somewhat wonder, because they seemed to be arranged exactly in a straight line, parallel to the ecliptic." On the next night they were differently arranged, but were still with the planet; on succeeding nights as the planet moved they attended him, and presented for all but those who would not see a visible example of a Copernican system.

Before the end of the year Galileo had seen, but not understood, Saturn's ring, and had observed the phases of Venus; his telescope had made the fundamental discoveries in observational astronomy.

We celebrate in the present year, then, the tercentenary of the first employment of the telescope and of astronomical discovery; not of observation—for Tycho Brahe, greatest master of that art, had been dead five years when Galileo made his telescope—but of discovery made possible by the power of gathering light and producing an enlarged image. It fell to the lot of Kepler to solve the problem presented by Tycho's measures, and to be puzzled by the anagrams in which Galileo made the first announcements of his discoveries. The telescope has contributed equally to

² *The Sidereal Messenger of Galileo Galilei* . . . a translation by E. S. Carlos. London, 1880.

observation and to discovery; for the moment we will deal with the latter rather than the former, and will propose to ourselves to glance at the progress which three hundred years have shown in the art of telescope building and of discovery by sheer power of gathering light.

The greatest lens in present use is the 40-inch at the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago; the greatest mirror the 60-inch at the Carnegie Institution's Observatory on Mount Wilson. Each is perhaps thirty times as great in diameter as the first of its kind; at the moment the refractor and the reflector stand nearly level in respect of the progress they have made in point of size. But the past history of these instruments, both telescopes, yet so different in nature that they had better be counted as instruments altogether distinct, suggests that we shall do well to consider them separately. There is, in fact, a difference which makes this course almost imperative. All the great advances in the construction of reflecting telescopes have been made by amateurs, and we know a great deal about the methods by which they have reached success; most of the great advances in refracting telescopes have been due to professional glass makers and opticians, who have published scarcely anything of their methods, and have from time to time gone perilously near to losing essential secrets of their trade by over secrecy. Progress with the refracting telescope was hampered by the difficulty of obtaining glass, and the long delay in devising the means of achromatizing the lenses. The reflecting telescope, invented a hundred years later, avoided the former difficulty by using metal for its mirrors, and was by nature free from the latter. The reflector has not only been made by amateurs, but one may almost say that it has nearly always required that its makers should

be its users; so that the history of the telescope and the history of the astronomer and his discoveries are parts of the same story.

It must have occurred to everyone who has read the life of Sir William Herschel that we are told singularly little of the methods by which he made his instruments, or of the way in which he obtained his first knowledge of the optician's art. A chance reference in the memoirs of his sister Caroline gives us the clue. She tells how at the end of their first winter in Bath (1772-3) she had hoped that the time had come when her brother might have leisure to give her instruction and attention. "But I was greatly disappointed; for, in consequence of the harassing and fatiguing life he had led during the winter months, he used to retire to bed with a basin of milk or a glass of water, and Smith's 'Harmonics' and 'Optics,' Ferguson's 'Astronomy,' &c., and so went to sleep buried under his favorite authors."

So we turn to the "Complait System of Opticks, in four books . . . by Robert Smith, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge, and Master of Mechanics to his Majesty," and find the key to the whole matter. The arts of grinding and polishing glass, developed and fully described by Huyghens, had been applied by Newton in the construction of his first tiny reflecting telescope, and by Hadley and Molyneux, who early constructed much larger instruments upon the same model. Molyneux left among his papers a very complete account of the processes, and Smith, who had worked with him at Kew, persuaded two or three London opticians to take up the work of making reflecting telescopes, "being desirous that these instruments might become cheap and of public sale." One example at least of these telescopes survives in the instrument preserved in the Library of

Trinity College, Cambridge, labelled until lately "Newton's Telescope," though clearly described and figured by Robert Smith as the instrument which was made for him, and which was no doubt mounted in the Plumian Professor's Observatory on the roof of the great gate. The processes of manufacture seem then to have been complete for fifty years at least, and for fifty years they had stood almost still for want of driving power.

Professional opticians had made and sold reflecting telescopes in numbers; no gentleman's establishment was complete without one; but for the seventy years during which the instrument had been made, no discovery had been made by it.

The immense results which were won by Herschel's courage and physical strength are common knowledge. But it has always seemed to us that insufficient attention has been given to the question, How good from the mechanical and optical point of view were the telescopes that he made? His collected writings contain almost nothing which will enable us to judge. We surmise that he learned the art of mirror grinding from Robert Smith's book, for there is no hint that he employed any professional assistance. He has left an elaborate account of the mounting of the 4-foot telescope which was his great feat of construction, but he says practically nothing which can give us an idea of its defining power and precise optical efficiency as distinct from its mighty power of gathering light.

How far had he mastered the art of giving the precise parabolic form to the speculum? Newton had, of course, realized its desirability, but made no real attempt to achieve it. Hadley and Molyneux do not seem to have succeeded. It is recorded of the optician Short that he was the first to make a true parabolic speculum; but the evidence for the statement is not very con-

vincing. In Herschel's writings it is not easy to find a word upon the subject.

There is, however, one piece of negative evidence; the great telescope was not a Newtonian, but was constructed on the "front view" principle, to avoid the loss of light, direct and indirect, which is occasioned by the introduction of the second mirror which ordinarily brings the beam out at right angles through the side of the tube. The tube was made larger than the mirror: the mirror was somewhat inclined to the axis of the tube; and the observer at its mouth peered over the edge through an eyepiece mounted upon the lip. Now to tilt a speculum is fatal to its perfection of defining power, and the mere fact that Herschel could deliberately tilt it may be accepted almost as proof that he was not very critical in the matter of definition.

We have, in fact, to go forward some forty or fifty years before we find in the work of Foucault and Lord Rosse and Lassell a definite success in perfecting the figure of the mirror. Foucault devised beautiful optical methods of testing; Lord Rosse gave to the processes of manufacture an immense refinement, and constructed specula which have never yet been approached for size; Lassell was the first to mount a large reflector on the equatorial mounting which alone can make it a handy instrument to work.

By about the year 1860 the reflecting telescope had become an instrument of unrivalled grasp of light, its aperture counted by feet instead of by inches; yet it was an instrument entirely in the hands of amateurs, and of two or three amateurs. And for an excellent reason. The metallic speculum quickly deteriorates in polish, and cleaning is but a partial remedy. After a little while it must be repolished; a ten thousandth of an inch of surface must be removed, and a ten thousandth of an

inch is everything in the figure of the mirror. In a word, the most difficult operation of all, the final figuring, must be performed anew every time that the mirror needs to be repolished. Probably no one since his day has reached the supreme skill of Lord Rosse in manipulation; yet Lord Rosse confesses that after an interval of a few months his hand had lost much of its cunning. He could not be sure of success when the big speculum was sent down to the polishing machine. Unsuccessful trials might be necessary before the inspired moment came when he could deliver a polished speculum in all perfection to the mercy of the soft Irish climate.

Had there been no alternative to hard speculum metal for the construction of mirrors, it is not likely that more than an occasional man would have been found with the patience and skill to master so refractory a material. A great step in advance was made as soon as it was discovered that a film of silver could be deposited on glass, tough enough to bear polishing. Glass was no new material for specula: some of the earliest had been made from it, but silvered on the back with a mercury amalgam, like the old-fashioned looking-glass. Of course passage through the glass to the reflecting surface behind, and out again, produced the most undesirable complications in the pencil of light, which became further involved with the weaker reflections from the front surface, until all nicety of definition was hopelessly lost. The beauty of the more modern method lies in the fact that the silver is on the front face of the figured glass surface, which figure, once established, is unaffected by what may happen to the reflecting silver film. The film may be polished and polished again without touching the glass underneath. At pleasure it may be dissolved clean away when it becomes unfit, and a new film deposited in its place. In place of con-

stant refiguring demanding the highest optical skill we have now but one figuring and a constant resilvering, which, though to some degree troublesome and difficult, is a process in no way to be compared for difficulty with the refiguring. With the introduction of the silver-on-glass mirror it became for the first time possible for an observatory manned by professional astronomers to risk acquiring an instrument which had till then been manageable only by the rarely-skilled amateur optician. And in the same moment it became possible for any man of mechanical skill and enthusiasm to make for himself a telescope more powerful than any which had existed till Herschel's time. To-day there are dozens of men in the country who have made mirrors up to 9 or 12 inches in diameter, with the simplest of home made appliances—mirrors that are many of them excellent in figure, that are mounted in a sufficient manner, and that do comparatively very little sustained astronomical work.

Some men have gone so far as to maintain that there is a kind of antipathetic relation between the qualities of brain that make the observer and the mirror builder. The names of Herschel and Rosse and Lassell are sufficient to dispose of the allegation as a general truth; nevertheless there is more than a grain of truth in it, precisely as there is something more than a pleasantry in the saying that to be known as an inventor of calculating machines is fatal to the expectation that the inventor will ever get anything completed. For without doubt the ambition to be improving instruments and methods is often a bar to sustained observation. There comes a time when it is necessary to say: I know that this instrument can be still further improved, but I am not going to do anything to it for five years. I will set it to work and make the best of it as

it is; which being done, it is surprising how often the little defects, which seemed very serious when one was concentrated upon spying out defects, recede into unimportance when one finds what good performance can be done by an instrument that is not above mechanical reproach.

There comes a time, however, when new methods demand a definite advance in the accuracy of instrument construction; when, for example, the application of photography required a steadiness in the support of the mirror and an accuracy in the driving of the whole telescope such as had never been obtained. The early photographs of Henry in America and of De la Rue in England evaded rather than solved the difficulty. Henry, in particular, anticipated the device adopted much later at Paris, of following the Moon during the few seconds of exposure required, by keeping the telescope still and slipping the plate upon it. A device of so limited an application did not go very far towards solving the problem how to support a mirror without straining it in the slightest degree, yet to fix it so rigidly to a telescope turning into all sorts of positions that it neither tilted nor slipped on its support by the smallest fraction of an inch. The solution of this problem we owe in no small degree to Dr. Common, who, about the year 1876, bought a 3-foot mirror and mounted it in a manner which embraced several highly ingenious and very valuable features. The building of the 3-foot was, however, merely a little experiment to clear the way for a much larger enterprise—the construction of an instrument of 5-foot aperture, made, mirror and mounting and all, in the workshops in his garden at Ealing.

His predecessors in mirror grinding began gradually and worked up to their largest results by easy stages. Common, uniquely courageous, decided that as he wanted to make a 5-foot mirror,

he would attack the full-size problem at once, and he succeeded. The completion of the instrument coincided very nearly with the introduction of the dry gelatine plate in photography, and the 5-foot telescope reached in one flight a height which has only within the last few months been equalled.

The impetus which this success gave to the art of telescope construction must not be judged by the results which the telescope itself produced, which were indeed unhappily few. Common showed what the telescope could do by his magnificent photograph of the Orion nebula; and in a little while began to pull the instrument to pieces and turn it into other forms, interesting as examples of engineering, difficult as experiments in optics, but unfortunately contributing not very much to the end which telescopes, after all, are intended to serve. The fascinations of building and rebuilding had overcome that intense passion for observing which is, to tell the truth, almost the rarest quality in an astronomer. But the success of Common's building inspired another Englishman to a triumph of observation.

Early in the eighties Isaac Roberts, of Liverpool, ordered a photographic reflecting telescope from the famous shops of Sir Howard Grubb in Dublin. Almost alone among amateur workers with the reflector, he had the distinguished merit of being satisfied with his instrument and his processes, in none of which did he make any startling advance on the instrumental side. But from the observatory on the summit of Crowborough Beacon, to which he transferred the instrument from Liverpool, he produced a regular stream of results, which flowed for a while into the collection of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was turned, later on, into the two volumes of "Celestial Photographs" which are his enduring monument. Towards the end of his life

Isaac Roberts was sometimes criticized for a certain inability to admit that processes might be improved and results might be bettered. The attitude had the merit of its defects in the resolution which it engendered to allow no interruption in the pursuit of the aim which he had set before him, to record faithfully, with all the added power which photography gives, the aspects of all the faint and difficult objects within his reach. Mature judgment finds in his work two qualities altogether admirable—he pursued the less showy and more difficult objects which offer few attractions to the picture-maker, so that now, years after the two volumes were published, we may find in them photographs of things which are unobtainable elsewhere; and secondly, he gave with each photograph a precise statement of its orientation, the scale upon which it was reproduced, and the identification and position of selected stars appearing in it; obvious things to do, one might say, were it not that they are curiously rare, and the last unique.

An examination of Isaac Roberts's two volumes suggests a problem of the highest interest to the solution of which very little has as yet been done. Photography at what used to be the eye end of the telescope has supplanted the eye and the pencil so nearly completely—we speak for the moment of records of stars, clusters, and nebulae—that our knowledge of the appearance of the sidereal universe is now locked up in thousands of photographs scattered all over the world: a small proportion published in volumes such as his; a few more reproduced in the publications of observatories, or in the journals; a selection obtainable from the published collection of the Royal Astronomical Society. The student of a problem such as the structure of the Milky Way, and the relation to the star clouds of the various special categories of objects

that congregate within its boundaries, is in a difficult position. His difficulties are those of the English topographer before the advent of Ordnance Survey maps, who might search in a thousand places the local surveys and the tithe maps constructed on all sorts of scales, made with every kind of instrument and executed with every degree of precision. For the topographer trying to piece together a map of the country the case was hopeless. Only in rare instances did the maps show any fixed points by which they could be attached to the general plan. For the sidereal student trying to piece together a photographic study of the Milky Way the case is not hopeless, for the celestial charts have a multitude of fixed points in the known stars which they show. But the labor of sorting out and identification is so deterrent that almost nothing has as yet been done. Nor is the fault altogether that of the student; he has some reason to complain that history is repeating itself in a disappointing way. A hundred years ago observers with the then existing instruments of precision, which produced the raw material for star catalogues, considered that they had done their part when the said material had been printed still raw and unpalatable. Bessel in Germany. Airy in this country, reformed this bad habit, introducing the principle that it was the business of the observer to serve up his result in a form ready for assimilation, digestible without pain. That principle is now accepted by all workers in the older branches of astronomy; we can only regret that a reform of such evident value in the old should not have exercised an influence on the new to start it at once, almost automatically, upon the right path.

Unfortunately no one since Isaac Roberts has done even what he did, by providing the identification of three or four stars on each plate, which is an

inestimable help in the ready study of the picture. The tendency has been rather to go backward, to provide pictures for admiration rather than records for study; and this is an aspect of the subject for which we have little sympathy. Picture-making has done more to limit the usefulness of the big photographic telescopes of to-day than any of the manifold difficulties by which their working is impeded. The ambition to make a picture leads to giving exaggerated attention to the more showy objects; the ambition to make a picture leads to photographing these objects many times over, with continually increasing, most arduous exposures, in the hope of obtaining results more and more brilliant; and finally, in the most magnificent collection of celestial photographs hitherto published, the ambition to make a picture has banished from the margins of the plate all the information that might have been so useful in its study.

The eighth volume of the Publications of the Lick Observatory had been awaited with peculiar interest. Fourteen years ago Dr. Common's 3-foot reflector, which had passed into the hands of Mr. Edward Crossley, of Halifax, was presented to the Lick Observatory. When Professor J. E. Keeler was appointed Director in 1898 he undertook, as his personal observing work, the task of photographing with this instrument the brighter nebulae and star clusters. In two years he had conquered the not small difficulties inherent in the use of this particular telescope, when his lamented, almost sudden death cut short the programme two-thirds completed. Already enough had been published to show that the results were of the highest order of perfection and beauty. To complete the work and publish it in the most splendid manner possible was the natural outcome of a desire to perpetuate the memory of his distinguished, brief di-

rectorship. The eighth volume of Publications, in which his work at last appears, we owe to the loyal devotion of his colleagues and the generosity of his friends. Nothing more beautiful than the seventy photogravure plates in this volume has ever been seen. They are triumphs of astronomical picture-making; triumphs of laborious skill in guiding the telescope during exposures of three and four hours' duration; triumphs of the photo-engraver's art. The objects which they depict are unrivalled for beauty and mystery. The discovery of the spiral nebulae was the memorable feat of Lord Rosse's telescope at Parsonstown; the confirmation and elucidation of the spiral character of these nebulae was the most striking performance of the reflecting telescope adapted to photography. But the merit of this performance was due in the first instance to other observers than Keeler, and especially due to Isaac Roberts; and we cannot but regret that in their anxiety to honor the memory of their colleague, the unnamed authors of the preface to his memorial volume have struck a false note. "The story of his wonderful success with this difficult instrument is familiar to all readers of astronomical literature: this form of telescope was in effect born again; and his contributions to our knowledge of the nebulae were epoch-making." If we are to have any regard at all for historic truth—albeit in a memorial notice—these claims cannot be admitted. If the Crossley reflector represents a new birth, then that birth took place in the garden at Ealing under the auspices of Dr. Common. If photographs of spiral nebulae are a new birth, then the first members of the family were born of another instrument, before ever the Crossley reflector went to Mount Hamilton. If each memorable improvement in performance is a reincarnation, and marks the epoch from which a new era must be

dated, then confusion and rival chronologies must be the offspring.

The profoundest admiration for the beauty of the Crossley reflector volume must be tinged with regret that so much has been sacrificed to picture-making; that the method of its presentation is in some respects retrograde. We speak, of course, from our point of view that every published photograph should bear with it all possible information that can be useful to the student. True, we do not demand of an artist that he should exhibit with his landscape the latitude and longitude of his point of view, the azimuth of his central axis, the angular scale value, or a table of identifications of the objects in the range of vision. But we should demand all this information if he were not a picture-maker but a photo-topographer. And it is because we feel that the photo-topography of the sky is in some danger of being subordinated to picture-making that we venture to utter a faint disparagement of an otherwise wonderful piece of work. It depicts in marvellous beauty many objects which were known less perfectly before. "The main purpose of this volume is to reproduce and make available for study the larger and more interesting nebulae and clusters on the programme, sixty-eight in number. The thirty-six subjects not reproduced are for the most part small or apparently not of special interest." Yet to the student they should have a very special interest indeed, for they are probably objects of which no photograph whatever is available. We can but express the hope that these thirty-six disparaged objects may appear in a form less sumptuous perhaps, but equally useful for serious study.

We have noted already how reflecting telescopes began, and for long remained, outside the domain of the professional optician and the professional astronomer. Even when the introduc-

tion of the silver-on-glass mirror made them possible as part of the equipment of a professional observatory, it remained true that their best performances were done in the hands of enthusiastic amateurs. And the principle that a man should have made his own telescope if he wants to get the best possible results from a reflector is re-affirmed by a study of Mr. G. W. Ritchey's optical work at the Yerkes Observatory, and afterwards at the Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution at Mount Wilson and Pasadena. In observatories on this side of the Atlantic the mechanics' shop is a small affair, the optical shop non-existent—for good and sufficient reasons. The idea that an observatory should be able to make its own instruments was first realized at Chicago, and the Yerkes Observatory was happy when it secured the services of Mr. Ritchey as Director of Instrument Construction. As engineer and optician he made his name at Chicago, and as a natural consequence was carried off by Director Hale on the great trek to Mount Wilson which left the Yerkes Observatory a little deserted. In the instrument shops at Pasadena every piece of the splendid equipment upon the mountain has been made; only one or two of the castings, which, *being over five tons in weight*, were too heavy for the Observatory tools, were machined in San Francisco. Before he left Chicago Mr. Ritchey put together an admirable account of his optician's craft, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution very happily annexed to a reprint of Henry Draper's classic memoir on the silvered-glass telescope. The account fills the modest astronomer with admiration, equally blended with envy. As representing the mature experience of an optician who has worked under unrivalled conditions, this work has obtained, and well deserves, the most careful study.

Nothing is more remarkable than the simplicity of the mechanical means by which the optician secures his refinements of optical figure. The mirror to be worked is set on a turn-table and slowly rotated. The grinding, and afterwards the polishing tools, are moved backwards and forwards over the surface by a crank motion; a second crank ensures that the motion shall not be straight backwards and forwards, but endowed with a second component that makes the resultant motion epicycloidal on the rotating glass beneath. Given a solid machine, the resulting figure must be one of revolution. Of the infinite variety of figures of revolution one only is optically sufficient—the paraboloid. With the shallow curvature of a telescope mirror the paraboloid departs from the sphere perhaps a thousandth of an inch, and the departure must be perfectly graded and proportioned. To obtain this refinement of figure all that is necessary is to adjust the relative throw of the two cranks of the machine; to control the adjustment, all that is necessary is to possess intuitive genius and the experience of half a lifetime.

When the rough and the fine grinding are done, and the mirror has been brought to some degree of polish, it is time to begin testing the figure. The basis of this process is the well-known "knife-edge" test devised by Foucault, which enables one to inspect a spherical mirror, and if it is perfect, to see it completely full of light. But when it came to converting the spherical to the necessary paraboloidal form, it was necessary, in the old practice, to proceed in tedious fashion ring by ring, and it was almost impossible to ensure a perfect figure by any short of an unlimited number of tests. The great optical interest of Mr. Ritchey's procedure is that he dispenses with all this tedious business by the simple but expensive process of making two mirrors

when he requires only one, the incidental supernumerary being a perfect flat, that most difficult form of all to achieve. He begins by making a perfect spherical mirror; with that as an auxiliary for testing purposes, he has no difficulty in making a flat of the same size. The flat in its turn serves to control the process of turning the spherical into a true paraboloid; and finally, if he so desires, the paraboloid enables him to construct a perfect convex hyperboloid for a telescope of Cassegrain form.

We trust that non-technical readers will pardon the technicality. Like a theorem in more unuseful branches of pure mathematics, which gives, we are assured, the most perfect artistic pleasure to those who can understand it, this delightful sequence of operations is supremely beautiful, and happily intelligible to a much larger circle of admirers. We need scarcely point out to them its especial charm—at each stage Foucault's test can be applied in its entirety; the whole surface can be examined at one glance; the tedious process of groping ring by ring has been abolished.

It is a commonplace that luxuries immediately become necessities when a man has money. A British astronomer has so rarely a chance of spending a thousand pounds that he is able to regard with a pleasant air of detached amusement an American colleague's idea of what is strictly necessary in a solar observatory.

A solar observatory provided with an outfit of instruments, and left to do its work without possibility of improvement or change, could never attain the best results. On the contrary, it must have the means of producing new types of instruments and modifying old ones, as the development of the work may suggest. In other words, a shop completely equipped with all appliances necessary for the most refined construction of both the mechanical and optical

parts of instruments should form an integral part of a solar observatory.

And again, the Sun is only a star; the stars were formed from the nebulae; the nebulae can be studied to advantage only with a large reflecting telescope; and so "it is a fortunate circumstance that the construction and use of a great reflecting telescope is a logical element in the general plan of research laid down for the solar observatory." Happy is the man who can afford to be logical! Resistless, unrelenting logic, with both hands in the purse of the Carnegie Institution, has put up in the pleasant health resort of Pasadena, at the foot of Mount Wilson, the finest instrument-shop in the world, strangely contrasting with the tumble-down shanties from which the most renowned makers have furnished all other observatories.

The tremendous activities on Mount Wilson are a riotous celebration of the telescope's tercentenary. Coney Island, they tell us, is the most perfect expression of liberty upon God's earth: Mount Wilson we may call a demonstration of the most untrammelled telescope construction under heaven. With the exception of the 5-foot reflector, which is more or less normal, nothing is like any telescope that ever was. The advantage of the fixed horizontal telescope fed with a rotating mirror was supposed to be its cheap construction and general accessibility. On Mount Wilson they have preferred to build the whole thirty feet above ground to avoid air-currents from the heated earth; and the whole erection louvered in white canvas is like nothing but the dwelling of the Llama of Tashi Lumpo. Thirty feet above ground it is found impossible to keep the spectrographs at a constant temperature; immediately a new form of instrument is planned, having the mirrors high up on a steel tower, and projecting the beam vertically downwards into a well,

at the bottom of which is a spectroscopic laboratory. Immediately the 70-foot tower is found to work, another of 150 feet is projected and rapidly built. The 70-foot tower suffers by shaking of the wind; what more simple than to make the skeleton 150-foot a double skeleton, every tubular member of the outer closing a slenderer tube belonging to the inner, so that two completely independent towers stand on the same site, and one is completely enclosed limb by limb in the other. Such clever and fantastic engineering is fine and interesting, and very costly. We have yet to be convinced that it is real business.

Is there not in truth a double danger, that extravagance of scientific enterprise may defeat its own purpose by over-production in one place, and killing moderate ambitions elsewhere? To deal with the output of the photographic instruments on Mount Wilson might very well demand the whole time of several hundred people in Pasadena below. Before long we may expect that the question will be raised seriously, not in an unfriendly way, but nevertheless gravely, whether it is not possible to overdo the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; whether the intellectual benefits of research are not lost when research is conducted upon a manufacturing basis, with all the mechanical machinery and organization essential in industry; whether in fact a man can become a part of the huge machine upon Mount Wilson and preserve the better part of his intellectual nature? We suspect that the solution of these doubts rests very largely upon the prospect of finding in the Sun some indications of how his output of energy is maintained. So long as it was supposed that this energy was derived by the contraction of his bulk, that it was just the energy acquired by falling bodies analogous to the energy of water-power upon the earth, it ap-

peared that there might not be much to learn. But recent physics suggest the fascinating idea that it may not be impossible to extract a part of the great energy now apparently hopelessly locked up inside each atom; that though we cannot for the moment do it with terrestrial atoms, the Sun may be doing it from his substance, and that some day we may find out how. Grant the bare possibility, and no effort may be spared in trying to reach this end of infinite importance.

We have wondered whether enormous activity in one place acts as a deterrent upon men who must be content with means that seem by comparison ridiculously small, under skies that beside the Californian look hopelessly discouraging. No one can deny that the men of Mount Hamilton and Mount Wilson talk in a way that is very depressing to the less highly favored. They could not themselves, they sometimes say, tolerate the uncertain conditions that prevail elsewhere; they sympathize, and can hardly advise that such and such a scheme offers much prospect of success, in climates so poor as those enjoyed by the greater part of the world. Not always openly, but often between the lines, one may find the half expression of this feeling. We hail, then, with double pleasure a proof that energy and courage may be rewarded in the climate of Greenwich no less than farther West.

It is no secret that, shortly after the discovery of Jupiter's seventh satellite, the discoverer visited Greenwich, and was shown a plate that had on it a faint image supposed to be the new satellite. He threw cold water on the idea; that object was excessively difficult on Mount Hamilton; with a somewhat smaller instrument under the thick London sky the satellite could not possibly be photographed. Nevertheless it was, and was followed for many nights; and next season an eighth satel-

lite was discovered at Greenwich. It came in the nick of time to answer the question then in the papers: Shall Greenwich Observatory be moved? We have heard no more talk of such a calamity. Observation at Greenwich is more arduous, more wasteful of time, more disheartening than in the clear climates of the West and the South. The Royal Observatory is to be the more congratulated on having upon its staff two observers of exceptional courage and skill. One found the satellite; he gave the credit to the other, "who had brought the 30-inch reflector up to concert-pitch, which is half a tone higher than the Continental pitch."

If we seem to have spoken too much of the reflecting telescope, and to have neglected the refractor, it is for the reason that we have already given, that the reflector has always been made by non-professional opticians who have placed their experience freely at the disposal of brother makers, while the construction of large objectives, entirely in the hands of professionals, has been surrounded with the usual professional mystery. But we must not forget that the tercentenary is of the refractor; the reflector is a hundred years its junior. It is time, then, that we look to see what improvements three hundred years have made in the refracting telescope.

Its early history is sufficiently simple. As soon as the early makers tried to increase the size of their lenses, they found themselves confronted with the difficulty that a single lens could not be made to give a sharp image with reasonable focal length; to get the required degree of magnification they were compelled to make their telescopes enormously long—so long that tubes became impossible, and the "aerial" telescope, as it was named, consisted of the lenses and a long series of diaphragms mounted upon a stiffened plank, suspended from a pole

by an elaborate arrangement of cords designed to support the weight of the plank without suffering it to bend.

A great variety of these machines may be seen in "Hevelius's *Machina Caelestis*"; but astronomy at last was very happily freed from this expensive lumber by the ingenuity of the great Hugenius, who, placing the object-glass upon a long upright pole, contrived to direct its axis towards any object by a fine silk line coming down from the glass above to the eyeglass below.³

It would be incredible that anyone could have used these contrivances successfully, were it not that we possess the discoveries actually made with them, both in this country and abroad. Here, so far as we know, there is no relic of the use of these instruments; but at the Paris Observatory one may see the two wide towers which used to be open to the sky, and which served to support the objectives of these long telescopes.

The refractor was being driven out of the field by the Newtonian refractor when Dollond's invention of the achromatic object glass reduced it at once to manageable proportions. There are few instances of natural sagacity more remarkable than this, for it ran contrary to all received theory, contrary to the direct experiment of Newton himself; and Euler confesses

that there should be two kinds of glass, in which the refraction of the mean rays is nearly equal, whilst that of the extremes differs most enormously, appeared to me to shock good sense; and perhaps I should never have submitted to the proofs which Mr. Dollond produced to support this strange phenomenon if Mr. Clairaut, who must at first have been equally surprised at it, had not most positively assured me that Dollond's experiments were but too well founded.⁴

This invention of the achromatic telescope is not the least of the improvements in arts and manufactures which England owes to the Huguenot Spitalfields weavers. It placed the country for many years in the front rank for optical work; at the same time it provided a leading case in Patent Law, when Lord Mansfield confirmed the patent granted to the Dollonds, when it was clearly proved that Mr. Chester More Hall, having made the same discovery thirty years before, had made no practical use of it.

Professor Grant, in his "History of Physical Astronomy," has pointed out the remarkable fact that no astronomical discovery whatever followed upon the construction of the reflecting telescope or the achromatic refractor. Huyghens and Cassini with their unwieldy instruments had done all that much more perfect instruments of the same aperture could achieve—or was it that a period of slackness had overtaken the observers?—and no great advance in the power of refractors could be made until the manufacture of flint glass had been perfected. Early in the last century a Swiss mechanic, Guinand, made the required improvement, but to this day it is not generally known in what the improvement consisted. The secret of manufacture has remained in the possession of very few; and we believe that no large optical disc has ever succeeded that was not produced by this process or formula, whose possessors have more than once so conducted themselves that the world has been in danger of losing the secret altogether.

Throughout last century there was steady progress with few outstanding features of interest. In 1836 twelve inches was the limit of aperture; by 1845 it had become fifteen, and there for many years it stayed, while the manufacture of the glass had returned from the Continent to England; for Messrs.

³ Robert Smith's "Opticks," Book III. p. 354.

⁴ Kelly, "Life of John Dollond," p. 72. Translation from Euler.

Chance of Birmingham had acquired a member of the family with the precious secret. Early in the seventies the limit jumped suddenly to twenty-five inches, on the construction of Mr. Newall's refractor, now at Cambridge. By the eighties it had reached thirty inches, and before the close of the century the 40-inch refractor had been made by Alvan Clark and mounted at the Yerkes Observatory near Chicago.

Of the technical history of this series of objectives next to nothing has been made public. We know that the principal difficulty has always been with the glass. We know that there has been scarcely any variation in the form of the lenses, for that is pretty strictly determined by the properties of the two glasses which are used; and there were no more than two to select from. What improvements may have been made in the arts of polishing and figuring are guarded by the living makers, or have died with the dead. We know only that not more than two or three men at any one time have possessed the particular blend of experience and intuition that puts the final touches infallibly right. The case of the refractor is altogether different from that of the mirror. The latter must be of one precise geometrical figure, from which not the slightest departure can be allowed. In the refractor we have four surfaces to be adjusted one upon another; the final processes are quite empirical. No one knows precisely what the figures of the final surfaces may be. When the lens is nearing completion it is set up in the testing gallery, and the image of an artificial star examined. From the defects of the image the optician knows what he must do to correct it, but precisely what he does or why he does it he never tells; perhaps he cannot tell.

The question is often asked, Have we reached the limit in the construction of refracting telescopes? Does the fail-

ure of the 50-inch telescope which was a side-show in the Paris Exhibition of 1900 mean that construction can go no further? There can be no difficulty in answering this question in the negative. The Exhibition telescope ended in fiasco and bankruptcy because its owners were no astronomers, but a syndicate of journalistic persons. "I conceived the idea, 'La Lune à un mètre,' and the catchword flew round the world as fast as the electric telegraph could carry it." It is not clear that any responsible scientific man was permitted to examine the instrument critically. But we know that it was only the photographic objective that was finished, and to-day the instrument enjoys the hospitality of the cellars at Meudon, waiting till its price comes down to tempt a purchaser. The instrument was of the horizontal type, fed with light from an immense siderostat, but in its unfinished state it contributed nothing to the solution of our question. So far as the mere completion of the objective is concerned, there are probably no difficulties that could not be overcome. But whether an instrument of this size could be mounted on an equatorial mounting in the ordinary manner is altogether another question, which admits of fairly precise discussion. For optical reasons the length of the telescope must increase somewhat faster than in direct proportion to the diameter of the objective; and it is clear that the weight of the mounting to carry the tube and the dome to cover it must increase a little more rapidly than the cube of the length of the telescope. Hence with a telescope of the largest size the addition of a few inches to the aperture doubles the cost. The question of mounting becomes then a more costly and serious matter than any other.

We can scarcely imagine nowadays what can have been the condition of Herschel's mounting and gear after ex-

posure to a wet winter, but at least no great refinement of mechanism was possible until the instrument was sheltered from the weather. A revolving dome having been provided to cover it, the next question was to get the observer comfortably to the eye-end of the instrument in whatever position he might be placed. As telescopes grew larger this became a more and more serious difficulty, till at last the necessary vertical range of the observer became twenty or thirty feet, and his horizontal range a circle of perhaps seventy feet in diameter. The first solution of the problem was the rising floor proposed by Sir Howard Grubb, of Dublin, in his sketch-plan of the Lick telescope. The American builders adopted his idea, and it was followed by the same firm in building the Yerkes telescope, and by Sir Howard himself in the instruments for Oxford and the Cape. It has some considerable advantages—notably the ease with which heavy things like the objective can be raised to or lowered from the tube—but it has two great defects: the horizontal motion of the observer is not provided; he must continually shift his seat, and whenever the floor is let down it drives up from below a rush of warm air impairing for some minutes the performance of the telescope. A better scheme is that adopted at Meudon and Potsdam, where the elevated observing platform, hung from the dome itself, turns with it and keeps the observer opposite the shutter opening. In speaking of the comfort of observers we must mention the elbowed telescopes devised by Loewy for the French observatories, and that

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later form in which suggestions from many sources were built by Sir Howard Grubb into the Sheepshanks telescope of the Cambridge Observatory. The horizontal form of telescope, fixed, but fed with light from a moving mirror, has already been mentioned. In the equatorial form of mounting, clockwork driving counteracts the rotation of the earth and keeps the object stationary in the field of view. So soon as the telescope is required to photograph, the precision of the clockwork becomes of prime importance, and automatic control of it a necessity. Yet outside British observatories the latter fact is scarcely realized. Elbowed telescopes have been highly developed in France. Russia has specialized in instruments for determining precise star places; Germany in the heliometer and in new kinds of glass. The United States have been most lavish; and Ireland still has the greatest telescope in the world, no longer at work.

In three hundred years telescope construction has become a vast and widely ramifying subject. We have said nothing of the instruments for measurement of star places, nor of the big star cameras, an essential part of modern outfits, nor of the photographic or spectroscopic accessories inseparable from telescopes of to-day. We have made but passing reference to the results following all construction. The tercentenary of the telescope as an instrument has been our subject. "The invention of the telescope," says Dr. Common, "is to me the most beautiful ever made. Familiarity both in making and in using has only increased my admiration."

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

CHAPTER V.

When a fortnight had elapsed, the effort of the morning visit to Hauks Seat set a mark on Silence's face which could not escape the notice of her parents.

"Fadder" said Mrs. Whinnery, "thou shouldst hire labor. We're fair kilt with sharing Silver's place amang us."

And Whinnery stared gloomily at nothing and made no reply.

"It's ill wark thraving away strength efter sorrow," continued Mrs. Whinnery. "We should harbor what's left. Wi' a hand more we 'st do. When thou and all are laid up thou'lt rue it."

"A hand more t' 'elp muck things up," said Whinnery. "I mun go Kendal way to seek that."

By hired labor, the farmer and his wife meant, not those extra hands which, throughout the year, were brought into the Farm, as in the times of hoeing and haymaking, harvest and the autumn tilth; they meant a man to remain with them habitually, and, in so far as was possible, to take up Silver's work. Whinnery granted the necessity, but dreaded appearing at Kendal Fair on such an errand—at Kendal where he had been wont to come in Silver's company, or where Silver had been sent as his trusted emissary. If now he went to Kendal and, wounded alike in pride and affection, approached the group of men standing in the fair, in hope to hire themselves out to any would-be employer; if he inspected, with a view to a bargain, this dejected gathering of waiters upon Fate, of men left behind in the march, but aspiring once more to range themselves in the ranks of regular labor, it would not be on his own account but on his wife's, whose strength was overtaxed; on Silence's, whose white face haunted him; on Nanna's, whose pretty shoul-

ders were now exclusively burdened with the important dairy work.

Nanna! Ever since the conversation with Silver, the aspect of Nanna had changed in the eye of her step-father. A just man and not without leniency, though strong-willed and reticent, Whinnery had accepted the presence of Nanna in his household wholeheartedly. There was no visible difference in his treatment of her and of Silence; if a favor was bestowed upon one, the other shared it. In his way, he had loved and constantly petted the engaging child; the peach-cheeked, dimpled face had become a part of the general picture of his home. But his eyes had been opened to a new apprehension of her personality, and, pondering it, he found her, as Silence did, mysterious.

This is a common effect of great beauty and the source of half its power. The heart is taken prisoner and the judgment distracted by qualities attendant upon beauty which have been carried hither from very far. Whinnery was not capable of analytical thought, but he felt the primeval, age-long influence; and at least it was apparent that this one of his household possessed in her seductive, slender body sufficient subtle force to wreck his careful plans.

And yet of the household it was Nanna alone who remained apparently unaffected by the disaster. Whinnery remarked this even as Silence had done. Nanna's face, contrasted with Silence's, brought a jarring pain to his heart. What kept her in an isolated patch of contentment while the rest suffered? Did she know of the whereabouts of Silver? Was she in communication with him? It tortured him to think there might be an understanding between the two.

One afternoon—the end of April was nearing and spring uplifted even the sad heart a little—Whinnery was walking towards the gate, pondering that question of hired labor, when the figure of Nanna appeared on the other side; he watched her raise the latch and enter. Nothing could exceed the coquettish loveliness of her aspect in the moment. She wore a blueingham gown with a white cotton handkerchief folded about her neck; her head was uncovered, for she dangled her sun-bonnet in her hand, and the bright curls and waves of her hair caught the light. It was not, however, what she wore, or what she did, that attracted his attention, it was her air of complete absorption—an absorption so great that she missed, as he saw, the fact of his approach. Her eyes were downcast, and in her cheeks was a delicious radiant freshness as of a thing imperishable in softness and youth, and her lips smiled. The smile puzzled him; it was so profound, astute, and uncommunicative. Why was this? What did she hide in her heart that nourished her loveliness, while the rest of the household suffered?

"Nanna!"

His voice was almost stern, and she came to a halt, lifting her lashes and opening her eyes slowly to their full width. The smile filled the eyes to overflowing as the lips became grave; there were appreciable seconds before it vanished.

"Wheer hast ta been?" he asked, in a kind of vague, incomprehensible fear.

"To Mrs. Tiffin's. Mudder sent me."

"Wha spoke wi' thee in the lane?"

The question surprised himself; it seemed to slip from his lips unpremeditatedly.

"Nob'ry."

Mr. Whinnery's eyes darkened, and the frown deepened on his brow. Nanna held her flower-like face steadily; her aspect was of inquiring inno-

cence. And then she showed her pretty teeth in a laugh.

"Oh! I thowt ye meant just now, fadder. I spoke to someone a while sin. As I came along Mester Harold called me. He was on horseback, and he told me the peat stacks were getting low at the Hall, and when wad ye send a load. I'd nigh forgot."

"Oh aye," said Whinnery absently, and with added weariness.

The furnishing of the Arnesons' mansion with peat had been Silver's care; he would take the cart and horse to Blavik on the shore, and from there would make the passage over the sands, at low tide, to Melmormire peat-fields on the opposite coast. He would make the passage with a train of carts and horses to carry peats enough for the great stacks at Arneson Park and the Farm. In return for this service, the Arnesons had granted to the Whinnery household as liberal a supply of "fire-eldin" from their woodlands as they could carry. Coal was not used in the district; both in mansion and cottage wood, peats, and charcoal formed the fuel.

When Nanna had gone, Whinnery continued his walk to the gate, and there paused leaning upon it, and staring moodily across the road to the cloverfield. Who was going to carry peats now for both Farm and Hall? Silver's inexhaustible strength and industry had brought in many an "odd pound" or other advantage. Besides he hated to lose this link with the Arneson household; moreover, their grant of wood in return for the carriage of peat was too valuable to be lightly surrendered.

"A son," thought he in his bitter heart, "is worth two hired laborers." As he said it, his eyes noted that the crop in the clover-field was dwindling; the young shoots were drying up in patches and leaving the ground bare and hard, and his brow puckered.

"Silver was agen my sowing clover i' yon field," he muttered. "I'd have done better to hearken to him. I have sown i' wrang arders [order] this turn."

At the moment came the sound of a quick step "clantering" along the road, and he saw a strange figure approaching, a man of great height who stooped from the shoulders and went at a precipitate shambling run, his head thrust forward, his hands flapping at his sides. Perceiving the farmer at the gate, he stopped abruptly.

"Fine evenin', mester," said he, searching in Whinnery's face with an eye at once hopeful and hesitating.

"Mebbe," said Whinnery, with the caution of the farmer, "for them 'at don't want rain."

"There's wants beyond want o' rain. I'm clemmed [starved], mester. I' God's name gie me, bite and sup."

Whinnery surveyed the fellow in leisurely fashion. The big face thrust from the stooping shoulders looked at him expectantly. It was mild and patient as the face of an ass, and the eyes that hung on his had in them something of the faithfulness to duty of that maligned brute.

"Why should I?" asked Whinnery, calmly.

"I'm clemmed, mester, I tell ye."

"How didst ta come to want?"

"Nay, I niver comed there; I was born in 't."

"Thou cannot wark?"

"Eh, by the mass, but I can!"

A sudden fire of energy flashed into the face, and a new expectation erased the hungry waiting of his eyes, as at the dawning of a greater promise which blots out the needy fret of the lesser want.

"Where was ta born?"

The fire died out of the face, leaving a dark and settled sorrow behind; he shuffled his great feet uneasily and

twitched his fingers. And then an unlooked-for twinkle of humor came into his eyes.

"My fadder was a gen'lemon of means, mester. He lived at t' country's expense, same as great folks do. He was proud on 't. He'd used to stretch his legs on t' roadside in the grass, smoke his pipe and make a reckoning of what he cost. That was i' summer. I' winter we'd a grand house of our awn."

"Workhouse, I reckon?"

"Aye, mester." The misery swept again across his face, obliterating its changing lights. "I was born i' the house; I grew there. Many's the time I broke out, and many's the time I've been drove back. I've broke out now. I've rammed over the country-side till I'm dazed and empty as a drum, seeking and begging for wark."

"For wark?"

"Aye, mester. Any mak' of a job. Seeking it as they tell us i' chapels to seek the Kingdom."

Whinnery turned his head aside, thinking of his own need. He had made up his mind to proceed to Kendal on the approaching market-day to hire the labor he sought. Yet he grudged the time spent on the errand.

"What canst ta do?" he asked.

"A'most anything."

Whinnery shook his head.

"A'most anything? That's a bad trade."

"Na, na, mester. Not when a man puts muscle into it, and a good will."

He turned back his ragged shirt-sleeve and displayed a huge and hairy arm.

"I' godlin, mon! You're of out-size!" cried Whinnery, amazed at the bigness of the creature.

"Cud I but stretch mysen, I am so! But ill-feeding and baisting have bowed me."

He made an effort to raise himself to his full height, but his head still

thrust itself forward as might the head of a patient brute.

"What's thy name?"

"John Gospel."

"That's a rare name," said Whinnery.

"I hed no name, mester; I've been 'dunder-head' and 'craa-boggart' till I lost sight o' my name. But when I come among the Methodies I got religion; and I were kirsoned I' the name they gan me."

"Why not thy fadder's name?"

"My fadder's? I dinnot reetly know if he had one. He was Bill. I cannot say for sure if he was my fadder. He might ha' been. He leathered me freely, as though he'd a reet to do it. My mudder was Moll. My ears are still deaved [deafened] w' her yammering tongue. I think she was my mudder, but I cannot reetly say. She died of drink; she was yamost allus drucken. I'm John Gospel now."

Whinnery leaned on the gate for a few moments, staring across the lane to the clover-field, while the patient eyes watched him. Then he raised the latch.

"I reckon thou can gang to the house. Ask t' missus for bite and sup. She'll give thee a bit o' supper. And thou may rest in t' loft to-neet. Thou can pay me w' a darrick [day's work]."

"I reckon I can stay on as a daytal' laborer so lang as ye've wark to set me," replied John Gospel firmly.

And the gate of Hauksgarth opened to admit him. In the morning he went with Silence to count the sheep and overlook them, and then he took the work from her, and the strain occasioned by the terror of Mr. Nasshiter passed from her face.

For John Gospel clung to the Farm, and no one spoke of his leaving them.

"He shapes," said Whinnery briefly.

¹ A laborer whose work is told by the day and not by the week.

"He's no gomerall [fool] thattan."

Mrs. Whinnery sought out odds and ends of furniture and made a rough but comfortable bedroom in an empty loft. For the rest, he ate with the household, and a sufficiency of old clothes were gathered together to keep him for the time being decent and cleanly. And he worked with zest and added gratitude to that. At nights one might hear him praying in the barn that "ivery hoof" of the family might be brought to God's Kingdom.

And yet the advent of even so willing a servant as John Gospel did no more than mitigate the situation. At every turn Whinnery missed Silver's resource and observation, and groaned over the loss of the boy; while from the family group the cheerful content, the sunshine which radiates from the heart, had withdrawn with his going. By and by came ominous foreshadowings of a heavier trouble.

The first palpable sign of it befell one evening in late June. Some restlessness amongst the creatures had called Silence outside at an unwontedly late hour; the night was fine and the moon was near the full, but was obscured by a train of clouds, so that it was dark when she came into the yard.

Within the grounds of Hauksgarth stood the remains of one of those square, battlemented erections with arrow-slits and narrow windows, whose ruins are dotted about the district, and to which the name of pele-towers has been given, the origin, purpose, and history of them having long been lost. The one at Hauksgarth was of no great height, and of the original building nothing remained save the outside shell, a partition wall, and a flight of steps to the top. The chamber on the ground floor was used by the Whinnerys as a hen-house, and a door had been fitted into the stone

arch of the entrance. By some means the poultry had been disturbed, had strayed from the tower into the waste land around it, and over the fence into the yard. The fowls were quieting down now and getting back to their own quarters, and Silence followed with the intention of securing the door for the night.

Within the house, the parents sat alone in the kitchen, Nanna having gone to the dairy to scald the cans after the milk was emptied into the bowls.

As Silence came to the tower, she was surprised by sounds of steps and of low voices amongst the trees in the orchard beyond.

The orchard was a grassy acre, hedged off from the high-road and from a small "copy" or pasture-field, and dotted with apple, plum, and damson trees; the only entrance was by a wicket-gate. Silence went towards the gate and found it open; this was unusual, yet she entered without special apprehension; but at her entry, the tranquil place became full of movement of the startling sudden kind, comparable to the rise of a covey of partridges from the grass at one's feet. Ahead she heard a rush in the direction of the hedge and the road; near by a stealthy rustle. It was absolutely dark. Who or what she had disturbed she knew not, but dashed instinctively after the steps that crashed towards the hedge, then paused for a second, convinced that someone was escaping from the orchard by the gate. The pause was but for an instant; on she ran after the heavier steps, and the moonlight burst from the clouds to lend her a brief vision of the tall figure of a man; but the light became again obscured; she could see no more, but heard the sound of feet alighting on the road as though the hedge had been taken at a jump. At the moment her foot struck some-

thing soft that lay upon the ground; she stooped to pick it up, and since further pursuit was useless, turned towards the gate. The event was not beyond a simple explanation, though it puzzled her. Some tramp after the chickens, some lad after the fruit? This was not common, but it might be so. It was not until she came within the light of the open house door that she examined what she held.

The briefest glance sufficed. She carried an old soft felt hat, and recognized it as one that had belonged to Silver.

CHAPTER VI.

Silence's heart beat violently. She tried to summon up some clear presentment of the flying figure upon which the moon's eye had opened for a moment, but could gather no more than the impression of a black form springing into sight and vanishing again. Had it been Silver? If so, whose was the second stealthy step?

Undoubtedly the hat was Silver's—an old gray felt which in summer times he wore to shade his eyes. When in use he was accustomed to place it on a hook in the hall; when out of use it would be put aside in a drawer of the dresser.

When he left Hauksgarth in the early spring the hat was not in use. Was it then conceivable that in the strange and unexplained trouble of those last hours, which had brought pallor to his cheeks and a look almost frenzied to his eyes, he would have remembered to search for such a trifle?

The whole matter was inscrutable, and she had no thoughts by which to resolve it. Alas! poor child! how should she resolve anything, standing as she was with the old shapeless thing pressed against her breast, and the tears pouring from her eyes because of its association with Silver? At last she made up her mind to approach the

kitchen. The door was open, and she stood surveying the interior unseen. The fire smouldered low in the grate; her step-mother sat by the hearth knitting, her father was opposite smoking his pipe. Nanna, who, it appeared, had returned from the dairy work, was near the table with her sewing, over which she bent the softly imperturbable bloom that began so strangely to disquiet the rest of the household.

"Surely it's bed-time?" said the father, shaking the ashes from his pipe.

"It is that. It's struck nine on 'em. Gels should be in bed."

And Mrs. Whinnery turned fond eyes upon Nanna.

"Wheer's Silence?" asked the father.

Then Silence walked forward with her startled face, and laid the hat upon the table against which Nanna sat. In a moment the three pairs of eyes were fixed upon it.

"What's that?" asked Whinnery sharply.

"I picked it up in t' worchit," said Silence, breathing quickly. "Fadder, someb'ry was in t' worchit."

At that a hush fell upon the room; Nanna had suspended her work and was staring at the hat with the rest. Presently Whinnery rose and took it in his hands, turning it over and examining it carefully.

"It hanner laid there long," said he, as though to himself.

And he jerked up his chin and directed upon Nanna a glance of such hard, ruthless scrutiny that Silence's heart went cold. Then he stepped to the hearth and thrust the hat between the bars amidst the smouldering peats.

"Off wi' ye to bed, gels," said he sharply, as he turned from the grate.

In his eyes was a fierce, dazed something which Silence had never beheld there before.

From that night the cloud of misery

deepened. Whinnery was haunted by suspicions which, though he kept himself on the watch, he found it impossible either to verify or disperse. He did not confide his misgiving to his wife: his reticent habit forbade his voicing the torturing surmise which he was unable to establish. Nevertheless, since the incident of the finding of the hat, she had shared the doubt, and he knew it.

Throughout the years of her life at Hauksgarth, the nature of Mrs. Whinnery had fallen back to the placid, pious routine of industry and affection which was its natural atmosphere. And during these years the memories of her first disastrous marriage had slumbered; now again they raised their viperous heads.

Her thinking was a piece of feeling rather than argument, a formless discomfort darted through by terrors.

In the past, just as to-day, the scroll of her inevitable wretchedness had been slow in the unfolding; yet, in the end, she had deciphered the contents to the last word. As now, it had begun in blind complacency, and at leisure had revealed in the man she called her husband an incorrigible and depraved rogue. This man's daughter had inherited his good looks—intensified, moulded and refined to the highest feminine seductiveness. Had she also inherited his mental quality? His masterly power in deception and intrigue? His low tendency and complete callousness of feeling?

The eyes of Mrs. Whinnery began to hang solicitously upon Nanna; they would follow her about, would ponder and interrogate. Behind the scrutiny, dread was visible, the dread of one who searches the face of the beloved for signs of some mortal physical disease.

In this gloomy uneasiness, ten months passed away without either resolving or confirming it. Spring had

come again before the realization of the vague foreboding arrived.

For Silence the memory of that hour was compounded of two disasters, of two invasions of evil in their midst. On the morning of that lamentable day, she woke with a start to find that the dawn flowed in by the open window. Of late it had become her habit to rise with the first chill ray, and she sat up in bed dismayed at her lapse, only to discover—and this was to her surprise, for her health was perfect—that she felt heavy, confused, and sick. Ah! that was because of the “sweeties” Nanna brought last night, coming to her with her pretty coaxing air and “open your mouth and shut your eyes,” and pushing between her lips—the rosy face meanwhile full of roguish smiles and dimples—two or three luscious sticky balls. After eating them, Silence had felt uneasy, and they had left a bitter taste behind.

“Nanna!” said she, putting out her hand to touch her sleeping companion.

But Nanna’s place was empty. Nanna, then, had risen before her? Silence dressed quickly, fighting against her feeling of nausea, and went to the kitchen, where she found the work had not been touched. Why had not Nanna, since she had risen early, brushed up the hearth and lit the peats? At the moment her father came in from the yard, and Silence turned penitently towards him. But his face was full of some trouble of his own.

“Silence,” said he, “I want thee down in the wut-field with me. There’s something wrang with the young wuts.”

And Silence followed him, certain that one of those ambushed evils which lie about the path of the husbandman had fallen upon them. When they came to the field where yesterday the young shoots, some few inches from the ground, had made a fair and pleasant show, they stood together at

the gate with their faces to the rising sun and stared over the field.

“What is is?” asked Silence faintly.

“I hanner seen that afore,” said her father, in a curious, quiet voice; “it’s a mak’ of slug seemingly. The ground’s covered with them. They’re slattered over the field from end to end. The field’s alive with ’em. And they’ve etten the young wuts.”

“The field fair glisters with ’em!” cried Silence. “Fadder! Fadder! What mun we do?”

Whinnery’s brow was heavy and dark, and the twitter of girlhood in her voice brought an added weariness to his face.

“I tell thee, lass, this is the only year I’ve seen sich a seet. And it caps all I have seen.”

Silence’s small, serious face was bent in thought.

“Call John Gospel and take the roller to ’em,” said she.

“Aye,” said her father, his face lighting a little, “I’ll do that. We mun roll t’ field and get shut of some on ’em that road. But they’ve etten the maist of the wuts in a neet.”

“A mon doesn’t know,” said he, on the way back to the farm, and with unusual expansiveness, “when he sows his seed whether it’ll mak’ straw or not.”

“There’s something wi’ most everything, fadder,” said Silence gently.

“More back-sets than luck, lass! Clover went last spring.”

“Ye said that was along of sowing it i’ wrang orders.”

Whinnery smiled faintly.

“There’s a reet way, if a mon knew it, with iverything.”

A memory of Silver, lost in the perusal of the *Farmer’s Magazine* on a winter’s evening, and bringing out a piece of knowledge with exultant eyes afterwards, flashed on Silence’s mind. Whinnery had given Silver a good education; the lad had not been left en-

tirely to cut his way after his own hard-won experience, but could bring some of the recorded wisdom of others to bear on his task. Silence also had a little learning, and with native intelligence had garnered it.

"There's books, fadder," said she.

"I'm no scholar. I can mak' little of books," he returned sadly.

"But ye hed me taught. I can read for ye."

"Thou canst do that."

"There was the *Farmer's Magazine*."

"They han stopped it. There was good sense in it. But they han stopped it."

"There's ither books."

"Mebbe. I'st ask in Kendal. Aye. There mun be ithers."

She felt the affectionate pressure of his hand upon her shoulder.

"I mean thee to help me more wi' my wark i' future, lass," said he.

And Silence knew from his words that he intended to take her under his instruction in the general farm work. In the surprise of this thought, she hurried to the kitchen, where she found her mother struggling alone with the neglected grate.

"It's along o' me, mudder. I was heavy this morning," said Silence penitently.

"Wheer 's Nanna?"

"In the dairy."

"Na," said the mother. "Milk's all about and nowt done. I cannot rede it. She's in bed, and me tewin' here."

A streak of fretfulness changed Mrs. Whinnery's soft monotone.

"Na, na. Nanna was up afore me."

"Afore thee?" Mrs. Whinnery looked more observantly at Silence. "Why, lass! What ails thee?"

"I'm sick and heavy in my yed. Nanna gan me sweets last neet."

"Nanna gan thee sweets?"

"Aye."

Mrs. Whinnery's form, shaped and bent to the assiduous routine of detailed

domesticities, changed suddenly; it became alert, upright—a stretch to some idea.

"Where's Nanna?" she repeated.

"She ought to be in the dairy."

"She's not there, I tell thee. Where's Nanna? Call her! Call her!"

Her voice, needlessly loud and sharp, infected Silence with premonitory alarm, and the girl ran into the hall, and from that to the dairy. At the moment Whinnery returned by the front door and entered the kitchen.

"Come, mudder," said he, "I've hed no morning-piece, and I'm fair clemmed."

"Not hed thy morning-piece? It lay on the table for thee?"

"Na, it didn't. I've hed nowt to eat."

"Nanna cuts thy morning-piece," she said slowly.

"She cut noan this morning. Come! What art glenduring [staring] at? Ye're all terrible behind."

She seemed not to hear him, or rather to seize some meaning from his words which he had not consciously placed there, for she turned brusquely and followed Silence to the dairy, which she found empty, and thence passed to the garden, where she heard Silence running and vainly calling as she ran. No answer sent its welcome sound upon the air.

"Ma God!" said Mrs. Whinnery suddenly.

And catching up her apron with a curious frantic gesture, she covered her head from the placid morning light and under the folds burst into a torrent of tears.

Meanwhile Whinnery waited in the kitchen, marvelling that this disastrous morning, of all others, he should miss the ministrations of his women kind. But Silence, after her fruitless search, ran in from the back and came swiftly towards him.

"Fadder!" cried she. "Oh, fadder, I cannot find Nanna! Mudder's cry-

ing i' the garden. Nanna's not here. Nanna's gauged awa'."

"Gauged awa'! Where should she gang?" asked Whinnery, paling in his turn.

Thus did the great trouble and heavy disgrace fall upon the household.

Emma Brooke.

(To be continued.)

WORLD TRAVEL.

On a day of winter sunshine last January I chanced to be in Yokohama, and found that agreeable city enduring an unusual invasion. A swarm of American tourists had been "dumped" on the shores of Tokio Bay from a great German liner which lay at anchor in the roadstead. I forget how many hundreds they numbered, but they seemed to pervade the entire landscape. They had started from New York, and were making a tour round the world at express speed; and they were not an exhilarating party. They were Mark Twain's pilgrims over again, the passengers of the *Quaker City* on a new and extended scale. At Yokohama they had plainly reached the stage of intense, unutterable boredom. Luncheon was the only thing that really interested them. They sat in stolid rows in the lounge of their hotel, they hung about the entrance hall, they filled every seat in the drawing-room. They were too languid to talk to one another, and they even forgot to explain to the unsuspecting stranger that they were American. The comment of the head waiter was instructive. "One small ginger ale is the only order I've had all through lunch," was his melancholy complaint. It was tolerably obvious that their one desire was to get back to New England, from whence most of them seemed to hail.

Those cheerless tourists at Yokohama, with their leaden eyes and dazed expressions, had learned too late one great truth about world

travel. You cannot vegetate for fifty years in a small town or a city office, and then expect to swallow the whole world at a gulp. It is like "doing" the Louvre in a couple of hours with no other preparation than a prolonged course of picture posters. Eye and mind alike become dizzy and confused with the quick succession of strange countries and unfamiliar scenes. The memory ceases to respond to the novel demands made upon it. The fatigue of incessant movement, the real trial of rapid changes of climate, often exhaust the energies instead of recuperating them. The most beautiful scenes are in the end looked upon with indifference, and the inexperienced traveller will hardly turn aside to visit the most marvellous forms of architecture. His brain is as unreceptive as a photographic plate upon which a dozen pictures have been taken. And so at last he finds himself, like the Americans at Yokohama, content to stare at the white glory of Fujiyama in winter through the murky glass of a hotel window.

I am not at all sure that it is a good thing to go round the world at all, at any rate for pleasure, unless one can spend a great deal of time over the journey. For one thing, the climates one encounters in a six months' trip are too "various" to be inviting. If the Red Sea is cool and India not too hot, Japan will be wet and chilly, and the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans rough and unpleasant. If one goes in the summer months, Egypt and India are

almost impossible for the tourist, though Japan and the Rockies will probably be delightful. In any case, a journey round the world should be a leisurely progress, and in my belief, it should never be undertaken by people who have not already had considerable experience of travel. Like everything else the art of intelligent travel is only gradually acquired; and the man who suddenly starts for the China Seas before he knows something of Europe is beginning at the wrong end.

Those persons who go round the world for the sake of the sea voyages are a class apart, and my remarks do not concern them. Having made many voyages on many steamship lines, however, I am convinced that quite half the people whom doctors send round the world for their health ought never to have been sent at all. The reckless way in which some medical men, whose knowledge of travel is limited to an occasional journey to Paris or Switzerland, will bundle their patients on board an ocean steamer is amazing. No medical advice should be accepted on such a subject unless the doctor has some personal knowledge of the countries he wishes the patient to visit, or unless he has, at least, some general familiarity with the discomforts and the drawbacks of a long voyage on a crowded mail steamer. Remember that nowadays, at the periods when tourists are most wont to travel, ocean steamships on the main routes are usually crammed. The idea, common among laymen, and not unknown among doctors, that a sea voyage is beneficial in cases of consumption is, I believe, fundamentally unsound; and I can only recall one case within my own knowledge in which a tuberculous person derived benefit from prolonged residence in a tropical climate. As a frequent sufferer from

insomnia, I can say that a sea voyage is a very uncertain cure for that exasperating complaint. I have known cases which have derived much benefit, I have known others where the results were deleterious. In nearly all instances such good as is gained becomes chiefly manifest after the voyage is over. In cases of deep-seated mental worry, extreme nervous debility, and the after-effects of excess, the comparative monotony of life on board ship is often positively harmful. On the other hand, I believe a sea voyage in warm, sunny latitudes is a sovereign cure for a person suffering from overwork, but otherwise reasonably healthy.

But I am not writing for the sick and infirm. These somewhat rambling notes are intended primarily for those who wish to travel far afield for pleasure. Some eminent man, whose name I cannot recall, once wrote that it would take him a lifetime to know the country within a radius of five miles of his own house. The remark carries with it a sound lesson. To flash across India in an express, to spend a day or two in the treaty ports of China, to view America from the vantage-point of a parlor-car, is not to see the world as it should be seen. And it is better to see a little of Europe, to know one or two countries fairly well, before plunging into the immemorial East which still draws men like a magnet.

The very best way to see any country in Western Europe is to walk through it with a knapsack. If you are young you can carry your own knapsack; if you are old or fat, you can hire a man to carry it for you. I agree with Stevenson, that to be properly enjoyed, a walking-tour should be gone upon alone; but I have tried an alternative with success. With two companions I made a long march on the French frontier. Every

night we decided where we would sleep on the following night, and each man was free to arise when he liked, and to make his way at his own pace to the appointed rendezvous. To walk alone is best, but in the evening, when muscles are relaxed and the after-dinner pipe is lit, one longs for a friend. To see the sunny plains of France, there is no way better than to traverse its splendid network of waterways. While still on the right side of forty, you will paddle a canoe, sleep in a tiny tent, and cook your own food, as I have done; but if you are older, you may prefer to fit up a canal barge, like one of my more elderly acquaintances. An express *remorquer* will always give barge or canoe alike a tow over uninteresting portions of the route you may select. Motor-boats are to me anathema on inland waters, though I have found they can be hired very cheaply in Holland; and I shall always believe that the very worst way of seeing the world is from the tonneau of a motor-car. When I travel I do not care to look upon a continuous vision of milestones. The bicycle is a useful means of conveyance, and I have made many a journey astride the shining wheel; but wind is the inveterate foe of the cyclist, and since motor-cars first burst upon afflicted humanity, cycling has lost much of its old attraction.

The most delightful country in Europe to travel in will always be France. It is also still the cheapest, if one cares to be economical. I have tramped there for weeks together, for an average daily expenditure of five or six francs; but to do this one must sleep at village inns. In rural France one is almost invariably sure of a kindly welcome and modest charges. That is not always the case either in Germany or in Switzerland, and there are times when Teutonic brusqueness and Swiss suavity are equally trying.

I have always fancied that Swiss hotel-keepers, as a class, do not like the English; and really, our countrymen in the Alps are sometimes a little difficult to tolerate. Switzerland is the happy hunting-ground of a curious type of patronizing parson; and every resort contains one or more specimens of that specially objectionable and supercilious character, the "man who has been there regularly for the last twenty years." Moreover, mountaineering develops an odd kind of athletic snobbishness among many people. If you want to watch the heroes on their native heath, stay at the old-fashioned inn at the top of the narrow street of Zermatt, where climbers most do congregate. Richard Jeffries wrote that "the hills purify those who walk on them"; but evidently he had never witnessed the swagger of the latter-day Alpinist. The worst offenders are the skimpy ladies with eye-glasses and badly-cut and abbreviated skirts, who have scrambled as far as the Hörnli hut, and talk for weeks afterwards about their exploit in shrill tones that all the world may hear.

Still, nothing can spoil Switzerland, or deprive it of its proud claim to be the playground of Europe. There is no sight on the Continent to equal that first glimpse of the Matterhorn, serene, remote, and apparently unattainable, gained as you walk up the valley from Tasch. To me it is always the most wondrous mountain in the world, and not even the view of the eternal snows from the hills behind Darjeeling is more impressive. The idea of building a spiral railway to its summit, now happily abandoned, seems like sacrilege; but except in that single instance, I do not share the somewhat affected outcry against funicular railways in Switzerland. They make no more impression on the mountains than the scratching of a thumb-nail makes upon a billiard

cloth. What difference does the railway make to Pilatus? And how many thousands of people with weak hearts and feeble frames, have been able to enjoy the incomparable amphitheatre of mountains seen from the Gornergrat, who would never have emerged from the narrow valley far below without the aid of the railway? The Alps are the joy of the Western world, and were not meant to be the chosen preserve of a few lusty individuals with ice-axes and ropes. Nor need there be any endorsement of the scorn poured out upon the butterfly travelers who haunt the Lucerne hotels, and upon the annual irruption of myriads of quiet German folk, who pour into Switzerland, punctually almost to a day, about August 4. There is room in the Alps for all, and I have found it just as easy to be solitary there in August as in June or October.

I must not linger, however, in lands so familiar, or even in Europe at all; but I cannot resist the temptation to note my belief that to catch the true spirit of Venice, with its "dreams of a dead past that cannot die," you should see it in December, and not in May; that Holland, with its color and its quaintness, is a paradise for the photographer and the dabbler in water-colors; that the Rhine has been so spoilt since it has become a great commercial highway, that only the parts near Bonn are now worth seeing; that the Danube is the most monotonous of rivers, save only in its upper reaches and near the Iron Gates; that Corfu in spring is an island of the blest; and that a cruise among the islands of the Eastern Adriatic at Whitsuntide, where you will find quaint old walled towns reminiscent of the times when Turkey had a navy, is an unforgettable experience. I wish I could pause to write something of the great wheat-plains of Hungary, as they look in the height of

summer; and of the unfrequented Carpathians, which for natural beauty are nevertheless not to be compared to the Alps. The little town of Sinaia, on the Roumanian side of the Carpathians, where the rank and fashion of Bucharest congregate in the summer, is a charming place; and the summer palace of Carmen Sylva is set in a fairyland of wild flowers and pines. I will not suffer myself to be tempted by memories of Constantinople, whither all tourists go at the wrong time. The proper way to see Stamboul is to go there in June, and stay at Therapia, far up the Bosphorus, going to the city daily by steamer. But I cannot pass by Bulgaria and the Balkans without a word.

The mere mention of the Balkans generally produces a shudder, and evokes visions of brigands and slit noses. The real Balkans are mostly in Bulgaria, and are as safe as Piccadilly; yet tourists are still almost as rare there as snakes in Ireland. The new railway from Sofia to Plevna through the Stara Balkans, and along the gorges of the Iskar River, traverses scenery which might be compared to the Canadian Rockies, though on a smaller scale. If you are interested in studies of warfare, you will find the ground for miles around Plevna absolutely fascinating, for all the great redoubts built by the Russians and the Turks are still easily traced. The Shipka Pass is very easy to cross, and I have even seen men on the top of the divide with bicycles. The whole of the salient positions occupied during the long struggle at the Shipka are so close together that they almost seem as though they might be covered with a tablecloth. It is rare to get a calm, still, sunny day at the Shipka, but if you do the view looking southward across the wide plains of Thrace, or northward over the grim mountains, is superb. If you wish to

follow the road to Stamboul through the famous Valley of Roses, you should descend the southern slopes of the Shipka in late May or early June when the rose harvest is in progress.

Some of the country towns of Bulgaria are delightful to the eye, and I retain pleasant recollections of Gabrova, with its vine-clad courtyards and its water-mills. I have traveled through most European countries, and it is my deliberate opinion that Tirnova, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, has the most picturesque situation of any inland city of Europe. Mr. Joseph Pennell, I believe, gives the palm to Le Puy, but I have not seen Le Puy, and I fancy Mr. Pennell has not seen Tirnova. There is nothing attractive about the streets of Tirnova, as there is about Rothenburg, that quaint survival of the Middle Ages. It is only its location that enchants. It clings to the sides of a steep ridge, round which the rushing Jantra circles in an almost complete loop. The houses seem piled up on one another; and at the end of the ridge, on a high green knoll approached by a road flanked by precipitous cliffs, for all the world like the Coupée in Sark, stand the gray ruins of the old stronghold of the Tsars of Bulgaria. But do not go to Bulgaria unless you are prepared to rough it a little. The food even at the best hotels is vile; I have fared better in a Chinese village. The sanitation, except in Sofia, is still unspeakable; and on my third day in Tirnova, while I was idly wondering at the number of funerals I had seen, I learned quite accidentally that the town was suffering from epidemic typhus. The language too, is rather a difficulty, and it is advisable to employ a courier, who can be readily obtained at Sofia.

Enough of Europe. The tide of travel sets steadily outward, and every

year more wanderers turn their faces towards

The grim dim thrones of the east
Set for death's riotous feast
Round the bright board where darkling
centuries wait.

Possibly, even if they travel in the true spirit of humility and tolerance, they may sometimes meet with disappointment. The scenes of which one has heard the most do not always come up to expectation. Of these may be instanced Niagara Falls and the approach to Venice from the sea at daybreak. Others, again, seem as though no description could ever convey an adequate impression. Among the few places in the world which no familiarity stales, and no anticipation disappoints, are the Matterhorn, already spoken of; the noble interior of Cologne Cathedral, at the first oncoming of twilight; the Sphinx, which to me has always an indefinable fascination; the Great Wall of China, rising over hill and dale to the far horizon, a monument of man's handiwork not without a pathetic majesty of its own; the view looking seaward from the steps of the Parthenon on a fresh spring morning, when all the world seems young again; that last sight of the Acropolis, flushed with the setting sun, gained from far out in the Gulf of Ægina; the Inland Sea of Japan, with its myriad islands and its dim opalescent vistas, beautiful alike in summer and winter; the glorious expanse of mountain and valley, forest and pasture, winding river and deep blue harbor and sapphire sea, revealed from the slopes of Mount Wellington, at the back of Hobart in Tasmania; and above all, that architectural jewel of the world, the Taj Mahal at Agra, seen in all its cloud-like purity beneath the soft light of the rising moon. Every traveller must have his own treasured memories, and these are among mine.

How any one can go to the East without first becoming acquainted with the valley of the Nile is a thing that passes my comprehension; yet of that great stream of passengers to India, China, and Australia which is always traversing the Suez Canal, very few have any knowledge of Egypt. At the most, they content themselves with a hasty dash to Cairo. For my part, I think the average visitor to Egypt spends far too much time in Cairo. It is much better and healthier to stay at the Mena House Hotel, close to the Pyramids, and on the edge of the desert, than to lounge about on the terraces of the Cairo hotels. The city can always be reached by the steam tramway in twenty minutes; and it is astonishing how engrossing the Sphinx and the Pyramids become. Watch the Sphinx at eventide, or in the clear Egyptian moonlight. Battered though it is, it attracts one again and again; and it is no mere trick of fancy to say that with every change of light its expression seems to alter. Sometimes the Sphinx looks immeasurably nobler than Buddha, and at other times it takes upon itself the semblance of the most fiendish cruelty. It is a marvelous presentment of the dual nature of man, Jekyll and Hyde in stone.

A voyage up the Nile has always appeared to me the finest journey in the world. None can escape the glamor of the river or of the wondrous ruins upon its banks. Compared with Egypt, the oldest remnants of human achievement in India seem as modern as Chicago. Karnak and Luxor and Thebes cast a spell upon all who wander amid their mighty relics of an ancient civilization. Egyptology makes all men captive; the science is the real "serpent of Old Nile" to-day. I have seen a fat San Francisco Jew, with a mind bemused by dollars, a man who had probably never read a book in his life, fall so suddenly under the thral-

dom that he began buying every volume he could find on ancient Egypt; and I left him vowing that he would return to Nile water every winter for the rest of his life. And then the atmosphere of Egypt, the glorious exhilaration of the desert air, the red sunsets over the low Libyan hills, the marvellous afterglows on the river, those magical moments at nightfall when the long reaches above Luxor are suffused with a luminous blue haze! Once Egypt has claimed you for its own, it will never lose its grip upon you while life lasts.

Yet most travelers do not go to Egypt at the best time. They flock hither at the very end of the year, and some of the hotels do not open until Christmas or even later. The finest month on the Nile is, I hold, November. The weather is then genial and balmy, though not too hot. The steamers and hotels are comparatively empty, and prices are appreciably lower. In December the wind from the desert sometimes cuts like a knife at high noon, and you sit shivering over a fire at night in one of the vast caravanserais at Assuan. If you are swathed in a thick overcoat the Nile is robbed of half its romance. And when you are in Egypt, do not despise the beneficent aid of Cook. The lofty scorn so often poured out by ultra-fastidious persons upon "Cook's tourists" is ridiculously unmerited.

This world travel is, you will gather, a protracted business; for I have rambled far, and have not yet emerged upon the Indian Ocean. If you would go to the East placidly, try one of the slow Austrian Lloyd boats of the newest type, which jogs along at a comfortable ten or twelve knots an hour; but if you want to hasten thither, the P. and O. must be taken. The P. and O. is probably the best-abused steamship line in the world, and most of the criticism levelled at it is en-

tirely stupid and unfair; but its worst assailants have never denied that its vessels are run with the punctuality of express trains. No ships are more carefully navigated, and a big P. and O. liner at sea is probably the safest place on earth. And here I may pause to give one or two practical hints to tourists going East for the first time. On board ship one is always being asked about the correct tips to stewards. The seasoned Anglo-Indian, embarking at Marseilles, usually gives on arriving in Bombay, £1 to his cabin steward, 10s. to the waiter at table, and small sums to the deck steward, smoking-room steward, and bath steward. For the voyage to China or Australia the tips should be somewhat larger. On the big Atlantic lines preposterous tips are sometimes given, and there is therefore an exaggerated expectancy among the stewards. Ashore throughout the East exceedingly modest tips suffice; remember the man who handles your baggage or waits upon you probably receives 8d. or 10d. a day in wages, and thinks himself well off. "Outfits" for the East are a delusion and a snare, mostly devised by London tailors who have never crossed the English Channel. Travel as lightly as possible. Take a small assortment of your or-

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dinary winter and summer clothing and an amplitude of underwear. Never move without a dress coat and a dinner-jacket, even though you start to climb Mount Everest. Buy nothing specially for the journey, but wait till you reach Bombay or Hong Kong, and order a few thin suits from the excellent tailors there, who understand the climate. Do not take too many letters of introduction, which are often a nuisance to both parties concerned; and as you stand on the quay at Marseilles or Brindisi register a solemn vow that you will not write a book.

I cannot here complete, like Teufelsdröck, "the perambulation and circumnavigation of the terraqueous globe." I have left whole continents untouched, and much that I have written about India and Persia, the Straits and China, Japan and Siberia, Canada and Australia must be postponed; but is not that in accordance with what I said at the outset? You cannot race around the globe in a single article, any more than you can grasp and appreciate its marvels and its beauties in a single hurried journey. Yet you can always remember the words of Carlyle's eccentric professor, that "any road will lead you to the end of the world."

George Gascoyne.

THOMAS OF KEMPEN.*

There is something very original about this little book. One might have called any author audacious who proposed to versify or even to comment in verse on the great sentences of the "Imitatio." One feels, too, that there is much reason, if also too much finality, as well as some inaccuracy and unfairness, in Johnson's pro-

nouncement in his *Life of Watts*—"Devotional poetry is unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well." That Johnson should not have thought "Oh, God our help in ages past" *done well* is in itself surprising; and figurative

* "Thomas of Kempen." By James Williams. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)

diction was certainly not rejected in the poets of the seventeenth century—to say nothing of the frequent use of it, both felicitous and infelicitous, since Johnson's time. But who that reads our hymn-books would not admit that Johnson might find there material for unanswerable protests against figurative diction as well as perpetual repetitions, as vain as those of the heathen, and not more satisfying to piety than to poetry? Thomas Fuller said of his pious friend's verses that they "tasted more of Jordan than of Helicon"; but the hymns that one is thinking of have an insipid sentimental flavor that suggests neither of these sources of inspiration—still less "Abana and Pharpar *lucid* streams."

And when we turn to "paucity of topics," might not this be made an objection to the "Imitatio" itself, and still more to a commentary on it in verse? For if the defence be urged that the "Imitatio" is one of the books of the world, and that, if its subject be one, the treatment of it covers the whole life of man, the poet's task is all the harder. For it is one thing for a book to have a conciseness which is devotional in purpose and universal in its application, and quite another for a poetical commentator to expand that conciseness to the exclusion of all but devotional thoughts. This surely would seem to warrant us as well as Johnson in the expectation of—at best—the unsatisfactory. One can only answer by illustration; and when sinister expectation is disarmed by a practical test the reader so disarmed may be excused for thinking the writer original.

Here are two stanzas from a poem on the text "*Pacem invenies*," with a refrain—a risk for any one but a poet, and a very considerable risk for a writer of religious verse:—

Lord, I have lived as though this life
were all,

No chamber for the future in my
breast,
High have I climbed and low must be
the fall;
"Come unto Me, and I will give thee
rest."

Lord, I have looked for peace and
found it not.

It may be I shall perish in the quest,
Doomed to the land where all things
are forgot;

"Come unto Me, and I will give thee
rest."

If the words of the refrain are rather too familiar, it cannot be said that there is any dragging. It reads like a natural answer to a questioning voice, and completes the three elegiac lines with a dramatic something that gives them life. The piety at least has not injured the poetry. Nor is this a solitary instance. A poem of two very striking stanzas on the life that is not worth living ends each of them with the solemn refrain "Better dead"; and in another (also of two stanzas) Thomas à Kempis provides a different and more hopeful burden, "The Royal Road." Again, in one of the sonnets, his original Latin "*Ama nasciri*" is made the burden, occurring twice in the octave and twice in the sestet, with a very moving appeal. Perhaps the best illustration of this poetical resource is to be found in the double refrain employed in a contrast. Here are the opening verses—

I see the birthday of romance,
I hear the glorious coursers prance,
But not for me.
I see the gleam of spear and shield,
I hear the trumpet on the field,
But not for me.

and the poem ends—

I see new light on mead and mere,
I hear what once I could not hear,
Enough for me.

Each refrain occurs four times, and the second stands for a divine content

with what the "Imitatio" calls "Sacer status religiosi famulatus."

Dr. Williams manages the sonnet with wonderful ease. There is no suspicion of hunted rhymes. If it is true that the sonnet is "the easiest form of verse for the unpoetical person to attempt," that can only mean that the regularity of the metre is a help and a protection. Sonnets hammered out with some degree of success are easily distinguishable from those of the happy craftsman and the poet. The craftsman is specially noticeable in the sonnet on page 8, where one of the sternest sentences of the "Imitatio" is expounded in a simile borrowed from the Lusitanian vintage, the stain of the grape representing the stain of sin (*Sequentes suam sensualitatem maculant conscientiam*). But there is perhaps more of the poet in these verses on Thomas à Kempis himself:—

We dwell in middle days; we cannot know
Or what hath been or what is still to be,
Or whither footsteps of the future go.
Faith is our substitute for prophecy,
Till science can interpret us the glow
Behind the curtain of eternity.

And there is another sonnet on a text as much charged with meaning to the common man as to the contemplative student (*Imaginatio locorum et mutatio multos fefellit*). It says much for Dr. Williams that he does not try to give his English more emotion than the bareness of the Latin warrants. It should be noticed in this connection that as a rule he is frankly devotional as Thomas himself, and that there is the same sincerity of tone. Once, and once only, is there that half-pagan note of the Book of the World—the *Mors Omnium Finis* note that walls through the Greek Anthology—

Why haste thee, Death? Why come
with feet so fast?

Spare me a space, I must be thine at last.

Though this commentator on the "Imitatio" has the "sanctity of the matter" continually before him, he does not deny himself "figurative diction." Here, however, are some lines from which it is absolutely remote. One can only repeat the old phrase "This is nothing else but sorrow of heart."

Ah me, the dream of glory turned to shame!

Alone I dreamed it, and alone I fell;
The deeper fall that 'twas a fall from fame.

What prayer I offered then I may not tell,

But when I ended from the sea-rim came

A light of hope to lift my soul from hell.

And if there is less contrition there is no less fervor and no less poetry in the line which concludes the description of the Sahara. "In this wild silence, Lord remember me." Perhaps the most arresting sonnet in the book is the one which closes it. Besides the title, "O ineffabilis gratia," it has a sub-title, the most prosaic that reticence could make it, "Reasons for not writing on texts taken from the Fourth Book." It will suffice to quote the last words—

. . . would Heaven that I might rend
The veil that hangs beyond the
Christian creed.

Johnson would have criticized much in Dr. Williams's book, but he would have liked this. When Boswell remarked that the Christian evidences were enough for our needs, the man who had cleared his mind of cant would only reply, "Sir, I could desire more."

All readers of the "Imitatio" will remember the childlike—all but humorous—simplicity of the question, *Quid prodest tibi alta de Trinitate disputare*

si careas humilitate unde displiceas Trinitati? The verses on this text are a good example of the commentator's variety on the one hand and fidelity to his original on the other. They contain a very fine simile, full of "vivid exactness," describing how the poet's meditations were interrupted by a voice—

Then slowly spread a tremor through
the gleam,
As in the tropic noon when palm and
cane
In Caribbean islands thirst for rain
Along the stony dales, and giant flow-
ers
That languish scentless through the lan-
guorous hours
Seem to tired eyes to waver in the heat.

But "the voice" discards all this richness, and almost recovers the crudity of the Latin:—

"To argument
Save humbleness the veil is never rent,
The bounds of knowledge are defined
by fate,
And thou must stoop to enter at the
gate."

The heroic couplet here so happily employed seems less successful on p. 97 both as regards matter and manner. Moreover, one is disposed to criticize the text as well as the sermon. Why did Dr. Williams omit the three next clauses, surely not far below the most telling sentences in the "Imitatio"? Is not the great explanation of the *Sapiens* who stands *super hæc mutabilia* that he is *non attendens quid in se sentiat, vel qua parte flet ventus instabilitatis, sed ut tota intentio mentis ejus ad debitum et optimum proficiat finem*? One could have trusted Dr. Williams even with such words as these and to say this means no common tribute. On the opposite page is a little piece of octosyllabic verse of rare vigor, not without echoes of "The Highland Reaper."

So wilt thou cease to fall and fall
Until thou sink to be the thrall
Of humble aims and selfish things
And profitless imaginings,
Uncertain as Atlantic seas
Tumultuous in the Orcades.

Another variety of the book is the story as commentary. There is the disguised King of Castile, who, at the bidding of a priest (not in the secret), takes the Last Sacrament with a man who had once sought his life and then forgives him—a story told most effectively in detached couplets. Thomas à Kempis would probably have preferred this mode of interpreting the superiority of *opera* to *verba* above any other. There is one little poem of the historical kind which stands quite by itself. It offers to explain the decadence of the Churches:—

At last the very Christ became
The echo of a by-gone name.
Man, eager for the commonplace,
Smoothed all the pity from that face,
And half the Churches chose for guide
Another than the Crucified.

This seems a singularly apt comment on "*Si queris te ipsum invenies etiam te ipsum.*" Besides the English verse there are specimens of Latin hymns—and one which Dr. Williams has translated from Calderon seems not only to have what he claims for the original, the spirit of the "Imitatio," but also just the beat so impressive in monastic verse:—

Ave Crux! nam posuisset
Deus vitam si fulset
Nemo præter me mortalis,
Unde laus debetur qualls!
Tantum Deus non amasset
Tantum homo si peccasset.

Dr. Williams gives us a large choice of English metres, and nearly all are skilfully handled. We think, however, that he is not quite at home in the trochaics of "Locksley Hall"; and that the "In Memoriam" stanza suits him better than that of "Omar Khay-

yam." He certainly did himself less than justice in calling his book "Sermonettes"—for these diminutives connote a modern atmosphere which seldom, if ever, invades his thought or his vocabulary. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is in the second stanza of the poem on p. 29—a stanza quite unworthy of the book. What could be worse than leaves "discussing" the melody of "nature music"? Yet even these ambitious and unsuccessful verses may be forgiven for the last stanza, where simplicity is so happily recovered:—

Suns rise and set and rise, and all is
lought,
The coast of boyhood further still
recedes,
Age can but marvel why no dreams
were brought
By manhood into deeds.

But it must not be thought that the true richness is more rare than the true simplicity. Ample proofs to the contrary have been given, and yet it is hard to deny oneself one or two more:—

Calm as the eyes of one who captains
men
Smiles the great vault of heaven—

Or this (on "multum facit qui multum
diligit"):—

Eternal music rose and fell and ceased,
Divine and human kept their bridal
feast.

Or this new setting of "Aut videt aut
vidisse putat";—

The Times.

So man may see on some autumnal
night

The heaven of heavens lie naked to his
sight,
And deem that on the barren down he
feels

The rumble of immortal chariot wheels.
Then with the tears that eyes are
moved to shed

When hearts are full of joy, he holds
his head

Bowed eastward like Ravenna's labor-
ing pines

Before a tempest from the Apennines.

The positive merits of this little book are, indeed obvious. The themes of the "Imitatio" are few and old, but Dr. Williams may fairly claim for his "dexterous settings" that they "make some old words new"—yet there must be some not less grateful for its negative merits. The dread of seeing the shadow of a great name dwarfed, in appearance at least, or their own feelings wounded, counts for so much. But the reverence belonging to all true love is here, and they are safe. That reverence has also been the source of the positive merits and a genuine inspiration.

Some Oxford memories can still hear Professor Chandler lecturing (most literally) *sine ulla solennitate* and interjecting with delightful irrelevance his tribute to the Monk of Kempen. "That's from the 'Imitatio'—extraordinary book! once knew a rabid Puritan—the Pope a red rag to him! saw the scarlet lady under every bush! thought the *Imitatio* the most wonderful book in the world!"

KARAKTER.

A SYMPTOM OF YOUNG EGYPT.

"Karakter . . . Karakter . . . Karakter!" The barbarous word kept recurring in the speech of the white-bearded fellah, as he sat with hands reverently folded in his hanging sleeves

and eyes downcast, on the outmost edge of the chair proposed to him by the English official to whom he came as a suppliant.

"Karakter! . . . I want the boy

to learn *karàkter*, that by its virtue he may become a power in the land. In the English schools they tell me that *karàkter* is placed first among the subjects which the pupils study. I came to hear of it by chance—O, happy chance!—when the champions of Tanta came to play our boys at football. They of Tanta called upon the Sayyid el Bedawi to give them victory, and we invoked our lord Ibrahim el-Dessûqi. But the Sayyid Ahmed was the stronger, or else our saint was asleep, for they won. Efendim, I was watching the battle, all eyes for my son's prowess, when, marvelling at the energy of the combatants, I cried: 'Wallah! excellent! They surpass their instructors. Our sons outstrip the English, our good lords!' But one at my side said: 'No, for they still lack *karàkter*; and without it there is no superiority.' At once I asked him what *karàkter* was; and he told me that the English, alone of all mankind, possess the secret of it; but it can be acquired in their schools for money. Efendim, we have money nowadays. Formerly one dared not hint at the possession, least of all in the hearing of a ruler like your Excellency; but to-day all that is changed—the praise to Allah, and our English lords! And because I love our English lords, and admire their qualities, I would have my son instructed in *Karàkter*, by the knowledge of which they are above all else distinguished. Efendim, do but name to me the best school in your country for that science, and my son goes there to-morrow."

The old man bowed his head and waited patiently for an answer; while his son, the same who was to learn *karàkter*, stood, silent and apparently indifferent, beside his chair. The boy, about fourteen years of age, wore a European suit of the cheapest sort—pale yellow, patterned with a large black check—which might have fitted him two years before; but now he had

so far outgrown its capacity that two inches of white sock showed between the trousers and his yellow boots, the hue of duck's feet, and the sleeve of the jacket could by no means be pulled down to hide his strong brown wrists. He wore his fez well forward, at his father's bidding, in honor of the English inspector.

The latter sat at his desk, with face half turned towards the visitors. He arranged some papers with one hand, while the other stroked his hair; and seemed to be struggling with a wish to laugh.

"You want me to recommend a school in England for your son here present?"

"Efendim, yes; that he may learn *Karàkter*. The English schools are first in all the world for instruction in that science."

"But, O Sheykh, *karàkter* is not a science. It is strength and durability of purpose; it is power of judgment. Some have it in them, some have not. It is not a thing which can be taught like mathematics."

"No matter, Efendim. It is found in England. Ma sh' Allah! My son is intelligent, and has been well taught. He speaks English like an angel from Allah. Speak a little, O Ahmed, O my son! Let His Honor judge of thy accomplishment. Compliment his Honor prettily in English, as they taught thee in the school."

Thus adjured, the boy, with a sudden smile that seemed spasmodic, enunciated in high, level tones:

"Great sir, let God bless you and all which near to you. I luf to stand before your noble face. True, sir, this is the hab-yest day of all my life."

"You see!" exclaimed the father proudly. "He speaks the English like his mother tongue, after studying it for only half a year; he is so quick to learn. If I send him to school in England for three or four years, he will acquire a

knowledge of *karàkter* too, in *sh' Al-lah*."

"But schools with us, O Sheykh, are not for nothing. Here in Egypt rich men grumble if asked to pay a pound a month towards their children's education. In England twenty pounds a month for learning, food and lodging is paid without a murmur."

The old fellow, so humble in dress and appearance, made no demur. He said:

"We have enough, the praise to *Al-lah*! Twenty pounds a month is not too dear for sound instruction in *karàkter*, which makes men like your Excellency. Of your charity, Efendim, make inquiry for me; and when you have found the school, deign to write me a line—a single line with the hand of kindness. Just the name of the master and the address of the institution. My son reads English writing. Ennoble my name: it is Abdul Càder Shâzil. My Izbah is called Tût, belonging to the village of Mît Karam. And the name of my son? Is Ahmed, Efendim—Ahmed Abdul Càder. May thy good increase!"

Father and son then retired from the presence, the former calling blessings on his noble Excellency, the latter staring vaguely straight before him. Outside the Government rest-house a mule and an ass were waiting in the charge of a ragged servant. The pair mounted, and jogged along the Nile bank to their own place, marked in the distance by a grove of trees. Ahmed gazed at the familiar outline of those trees, and was glad. The outlines of the Government rest-house, both without and within, being strange, had seemed hostile, carrying a chill to his heart. His mind was easily foiled by externals, playing with them, puzzled, like a drowsy kitten, supposing them good or bad, but vaguely and without vehemence. Set upon a dustheap in his father's yard, he would stare for minutes at a time at the brown sheep

or the poultry, and, roused at last, was as likely as not to move peculiarly, in unconscious imitation of a strutting rooster. At school, too, whither he, with other sons of wealthy farmers, went with alacrity, regarding it as a place of games, where strange puzzles were propounded to amuse the sight and hearing—at school he would sit staring at the page before him till he knew the position of every vowel-point and lurking hamzeh, and could recall the whole at will with each inflection of the master's voice when he read aloud for an example. It was the same with the English text-books of history and geography. Having once learnt to connect the shape and sound of words, he could remember their relative positions on the printed page, and reel off the whole book by rote. This facility of learning won the praise of his instructors; he came to regard himself as of the cleverest where all were clever; and it was with a shock that when an English inspector came to examine his class, he found that he could not understand the question put to him. Its significance was explained: "By what places would you pass in going from Cairo to London?"

Still regarding the question as bearing upon what he had learnt, Ahmed answered from the book, observing:

"London is the capital of England; it is the largest city of the world. It contains more than five million inhabitants, or about half the population of the whole of Egypt."

The inspector stopped him in a voice of anger. He repeated the question.

"How would you go there?"

"How should I know?" muttered Ahmed in Arabic. "I have never been, to find out. The *khawdgah* is mad; he is cheating. It is not in the book."

And when the Englishman was gone, the Egyptian masters also said that he had cheated.

From that incident Ahmed had de-

rived a bad opinion of the Franks as people ever ready to take mean advantage. To-day, in presence of the high official at the rest-house, he had felt the same as at that examination, and had stood expecting to be asked some unfair question. If he desired to learn *karâkter*, it was only because his father had told him it was the thing which made the Franks unanswerable. Knowing it, he would be their equal, if not master.

At the farm, consorting with the children who herded buffaloes, or playing a game with pebbles on a dustheap, eating well, sleeping soundly, happy to sit in the sun and watch a dung beetle, he awaited the promised message. After two weeks it came. A *shawish* on horseback rode up to the doorstep of the grand new house with glass windows which the Sheykh Abdul Câder had built for show, not habitation, and had filled with Frankish furniture. The soldier, as emissary of the great, was allowed to enter its closed rooms, and there regaled with coffee and a variety of sweetstuff, while young Ahmed in the foul, old-fashioned homestead, close behind it, deciphered and translated the Englishman's note. A school and a master were named; there followed a list of clothes and other requisites.

Ahmed was taken by the train to Cairo, to grand foreign shops, where both father and son were dismayed by the fixity of price, to the Governorate and to the English Consul's office. Then, with his new luggage, he was conveyed to Alexandria; basking in the atmosphere of importance without forethought, till he found himself alone on board the steamer, which began strange movements, when he crept into his bunk, and cried and gnashed his teeth for eighteen hours.

Awaking in a dark and stuffy place, he heard curious noises, and stole out to seek the cause. Along a dim corri-

dor and up a staircase, he burst forth into sunlight, and felt sudden joy. Sailors were washing the decks; they smiled to him; the sky and sea were smiling. He sat down on a coil of ropes and watched the dance of sun-flakes on the waves, forever rushing past, yet always there beside him. An Englishman on board had promised to take care of him. The man was kind; he often talked to Ahmed; and he looked after him in the landing at Marseilles and throughout the long train journey till they reached another sea, and, taking ship, saw England. Ahmed beheld a land cloud-colored, wrapped in cloud, the sea that lapped its cliffs seeming colorless as foggy air. The crowding of strange sights, the cold, the lack of brightness reduced the young Egyptian to a condition of sullen torpor. He arrived at the school, and after a brief inspection by the master, a most awful figure, was left to face the stare of other boys.

These fell upon him, dragged him this way and that, jabbering meaningless sounds to signify his native tongue, called him by evil names such as "nigger" and "slave"; but the native sociableness of the Egyptian soon disarmed them. Ahmed took everything in good part, even their laughter at his way of speaking. He accepted their point of view, laughed with them at his own ridiculousness; for was not their star manifestly in the ascendant? It was the season of football, and he was an excellent player; the goal in front, the flying ball exciting all his faculties with the sense of an immediate aim. Cricket, when the time came, proved too slow, the object too remote, to please him greatly; yet he played it slavishly to please his comrades, and won praise. The elder boys took notice of him, and the younger sought his friendship. The whisper ran he was a prince, and Ahmed smiled assentingly. He was whatever they liked, their serv-

ant to command, provided only that they did not bully him.

The holidays he spent at first in a household recommended by the man who had escorted him to England; but afterwards, when his popularity was established, at the homes of schoolfellows; upon whose sisters he cast longing eyes made shy by fear of vengeance did he dare assail them.

At his studies he was very diligent, and quite as happy as at play. He was quick at languages, and great at every science that depends on formulas. As his mental power increased he could deduce from what he learnt corollaries, which, however, never passed the mental sphere, or bore the slightest application to the facts of life. Learning was, for him, a game of the wits, worth playing chiefly since it won applause. He became as popular with the masters as among the boys.

"I am not only equal with the English," he was able to write to his father; "but am on my way to become the chief among them. I am praised daily by my instructors; all my comrades love me."

In the same letter he asked his father's permission to proceed to the University, as that was the chief place for the formation of Character, no Englishman being regarded as complete who had not been there. In conclusion, he assured his father that the cost of living at the University would not exceed the sum which was being paid annually for his schooling. His father consented, in a letter full of moral reflections, urging him to seek and secure for himself *karakter* as the talisman of all success in life.

Therefore, in course of time, he went to Cambridge, changed his friends and learnt new formulas, was initiated into the mysteries of love and fashion, and shone in colored shirts, in ties, in waistcoats. He bought a little dog and tried to like it, but every time the

creature licked his hand he shuddered, conscious of extreme uncleanness. He was in his second year, at home and popular, with the prospect of distinction in the Mathematical Tripos, when a letter from his father shattered everything.

"Seeing thou art now a man full grown," wrote the Sheikh Abdul Cader, "and must by now have learnt *karakter* and all the other wiles of the English, tarry there no longer, for my heart yearns after thee. Besides, a certain great one with a kindness for me promises to exert his influence on thy behalf, to obtain for thee a good position in the government. So return to us at once without delay, and may Allah strengthen and preserve thee ever."

When Ahmed opened and perused this letter he was not alone. A man named Barnes, a mild and weak-eyed youth, was seated with him, smoking a briar pipe, in Ahmed's cosy rooms, whose walls were hung with photographs of grinning women.

"What a nuisance!" said Ahmed, frowning in the approved English manner, though his heart was glad. "Dash-it-all, my dear ole man, I'm to go back to Egypt at once; the *gufnor* says so. Must gif up thought of my degree. The dear ole *gufnor*. He doesn't know how much it means to me."

"Can't you write and explain to him?" said Barnes feelingly.

"No, no, my dear ole chab! Impossible! He would neffer understand." Here Ahmed sighed profoundly. "We are still awf'ly primitif at home in Egypt—quite behind the times. . . . I must leaf at the end of term; there's no helb for it. I shall be deflish sorry to leaf all you dear good fellows."

"I shall be sorry too," said Barnes heartily.

This Barnes was of the order of amateur missionaries to be found in every generation of undergraduates, for

whom the Mohammedanism of Ahmed Abdul Cader was an irresistible attraction. The gentleness and urbanity of Barnes pleased Ahmed greatly; they had become inseparables and, without any promise of conversion, it was understood between them that Ahmed was to be the apostle of a new era in his native land. Barnes made his friend a parting gift: the Bible, which Ahmed accepted with a profusion of thanks, even with tears, hardly restraining the impulse to embrace the donor. But in the confusion of packing he forgot the present, which thus, being left behind, became the perquisite of his bed-maker.

Ahmed was extremely glad to go. He looked forward with a natural longing to his father's house, to the sight of camels raising dust upon the Nile bank, of buffaloes wallowing and grunting in a reedy pool. To see the crowd of fellowmen assembled at the wayside station, to hear the familiar greetings as his father kissed him, was like waking from a dream to blest reality.

"Look at him, how he walks! Behold his modishness!" cried the Sheykh Abdul Cader, quite beside himself with exultation. "It is well seen that he has learnt Karakter thoroughly. We, too, are become more modish since thy going, O my son. By Allah Most High, we have a treat in store for thee."

The treat turned out to be a giant gramophone, installed in the best room of the grand new house, thrown open to the world that day in honor of his home-coming. It was kept going incessantly by the efforts of two bare-legged helpers. Ahmed was annoyed at the sight of it, having learnt in England to despise such noisy instruments; but when he found the records were of Arab music, reproducing the chant of the best singers, male and female, and splendid versions of the Call to Prayer, he smiled at the brazen trumpet-mouth as at a friend.

"Thou hast learnt Karakter, is it not so, O my son?" inquired the Sheykh Abdul Cader, speaking loud against the music.

"By Allah, have I, O my father. It is a matter hard to catch as is a lizard; yet I have caught it, knowing thy desire."

His boast was, in truth, no vain one. He had acquired the English Character superficially just as he had learnt by heart whole text-books in old days at school. He could assume it instead of his own, at any minute. He could even constrain himself to think like an Englishman for hours at a stretch.

"Praise be to Allah!" said the old man fervently. "To-morrow I will present thee to the notable of whom I wrote thee word that he had promised to take care of thy career—one set high in wealth and station, who sees the need of more karakter here in Egypt. It is not so simple now as it was formerly; thou wilt have to undergo examination. But that, I doubt not, will be passed with honor; no other competitor can have had thy advantages. In sh' Allah, by force of karakter, thou wilt soon rise to greatness."

"In sh' Allah!" echoed Ahmed cordially; for the prospect of an easy rise to power seemed good to him. He was not without ambition of a supple kind.

The preliminaries were soon over. His father's friend approved of his demeanor; he passed the examination easily; and soon afterwards obtained, by influence, his first appointment as secretary to an English official in the Public Works Department. The post entailed his taking rooms in Cairo, whereas he had hoped for employment within a riding distance of his father's izbah. He had married in the weeks since his return, and his father would not let his bride go up to Cairo; better one than two in the city, he declared, where food is costly; on the farm an

extra mouth made no great difference.

Ahmed, however, put regrets behind him, and repaired to the office with a will to please his chief. That chief was young, not five years older than Ahmed, and his mind was set on the acquirement of Arabic, of which he knew already many vulgar and obscene expressions. Finding his English speech not well received, Ahmed was quick to divine the other's foible, and flattered it by addressing him in flowery Arabic, and praising his excellence in that tongue.

"I haven't mastered it yet, though," said the Englishman, relapsing into English, "I should be obliged if you'd help me a bit."

"Most willingly," responded Ahmed with his ready smile. It was all he wished—to be of service, to win the regard of his chief, so that their work together might go forward comfortably.

The Englishman showed him copy-books and brought him exercises written in a hand like print, and Ahmed gave advice and made corrections—this in the intervals of office work, which, being a routine requiring chiefly memory, seemed easy for the Egyptian. After a little while, the pair grew intimate; the Englishman forgot his first desire to air his Arabic and conversed with his secretary freely on all kinds of topics. His character was of the simple English type, well-known to Ahmed, who had therefore no difficulty in anticipating his views and wishes. The Egyptian sometimes forgot their relative positions and talked to his chief as he had talked to Barnes and other men at Cambridge. And his chief made no objection till a certain day—the blackest of all days, a day to weep on—which became the turning-point in Ahmed's life.

They were sitting together in their room as usual, when a clerk of lower grade came in with a request about

some trifle. Seeing his chief get up and look unduly worried, Ahmed, with no other thought than to save a good friend trouble, exclaimed:

"Don't be a fool, old man! Sit down. It's nothing really."

He had been sitting back in his chair, with legs crossed nobly, in the English manner; next minute he was on his feet, his face livid, his body shaken from head to foot by shame and grief. For his friend flashed round on him, ejaculating:

"Damn your insolence! What the hell do you mean by speaking to me like that?"

The clerk of lower grade was grinning from ear to ear.

"Why, whatever did I say?" questioned Ahmed, his voice trembling with rage.

A flood of oaths was the answer. Ahmed drew himself up.

"I haf you know, sir, I haf been to Cambridge!"

"Go to Hell!"

And when the clerk had retired, the still angry Englishman quoted, as he sat down again at his desk, a vile Arabic proverb, an invention of the Turks, to the effect that if you encourage Ali, he will presently defile your carpet. It was an offence unthinkable.

How he got through the rest of that day's work Ahmed never knew! It was performed in anger, dimmed by acrid tears of shame. He hardly heard his chief's repeated adjurations to him not to be an ass; and answered all his orders with a simple "Yes, sir."

"There now, I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. But you mustn't really use that tone to me, least of all in the presence of subordinates. Come, don't sulk any longer. Make it up, old man."

Ahmed heard the words and felt the hand on his shoulder, but made no response. When at last he left the office he went not to his lodging, but the Nasr-ryeh railway-station.

At dusk he entered the yard of his father's izbah. The people greeted him with shouts of joy. Their welcome loosed the fountain of his grief, till then restrained by pride. He ran to the threshold, and there fell down and wept and moaned convulsively. The Sheykh Abdul Cader, leaning over him, attentive to the broken words his woe flung forth, piecing them together patiently, at last obtained some notion of the matter.

"Is it of thy khawāgah that thou speakest? Did he beat thee, O my son?"

At the question Ahmed roused himself, and spoke intelligibly.

"No, O my father. Would to Allah he had done so, that I could have prosecuted him for the assault, and made his name a byword for tyranny. He cursed me, O my father; he blackened my face with foul and grievous insults; and all because I addressed him in the usual English manner as a friend. I will no longer endure such treatment, I

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will be a Nationalist. I was a friend of greater men than him at Cambridge. My best friend, Barnes, is the son of an English lord, whereas this dog is but the offspring of a base merchant—he himself confessed it! I will write to Barnes and have this dog degraded."

The women and the neighbors wailed in concert, without any clear conception of the call for grief. But the old man raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, crying:

"Praise be to Allah! Behold me justly punished for my proud ambition. I asked karākteer for my son, and see, he has it—more than I can bear. What Son of the Nile before him ever resented the curses of one in authority? Are not our backs and the soles of our feet still sore from the Turkish whips? Yet see, my son resents this cursing which to me is nothing. He must join the malcontents, the wastrels of the land, because of it. He is become even worse than an Englishman: he is all Karākteer."

Marmaduke Pickthall

SOME MODERN FRENCH BOOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

Sir,—In suggesting the names of a few readable books among those recently published in France, it seems natural to begin with memoirs, a branch of literature in which the French have so often cultivated the fine flower of a peculiar art. The third volume of the Duchesse de Dino's admirable *Chronique* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.) continues the book down to 1850. It covers the tragic death of the Duc d'Orléans in 1842, as well as the Revolution of 1848, when alarms and disturbances pursued the Duchesse as far as the remote German principality where she reigned, spending more time. This volume is even fuller of personal there than on her estates in Touraine.

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interest than its forerunners, though it gives an equally vivid picture of contemporary politics and society. The most lively and detailed accounts of her journeys, her friendships, her opinions, while making us realize the social gulf between ourselves and the middle of the last century, considerably improve our acquaintance with the distinguished woman whom her grandson, the Marquis de Castellane, in his new book calls "cette surprenante Duchesse de Dino." His title, *Hommes et Choses de mon Temps* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.), does not precisely suggest that his mother, Madame de Castellane, is his central character; yet this is the case. Decidedly the most attractive pages in an

interesting book are those which, under the heading of "Le Salon de ma Mère," describe the political and religious influence exercised by that great-niece of Talleyrand, Madame de Dino's daughter Pauline, whose honor it is to have brought back the old statesman to Christianity. For more than a dozen years before and after 1870 Madame de Castellane's *salon* in Paris was the meeting-place of a distinguished Opposition, advocates of Liberalism combined with Monarchy and religion. One need only mention the name of M. Thiers—in his Royalist days—of M. de Falloux, M. de Montalembert, M. Augustin Cochin, Père Gratry, Bishop Dupanloup, to show the kind of stuff of which Madame de Castellane's friends were made. Her son writes from personal recollections, giving also his own experiences as a *moblot* in 1870 and in the National Assembly later. This lightly written book bears a stamp of truth and clever observation worthy of Madame de Dino's grandson.

Another book which throws light on French social history in the eventful nineteenth century is M. Clément-Simon's *La Comtesse de Valon* (Plon-Nourrit, 7 fr. 50 c.). The name of Apollonie de la Rochelambert is not familiar to English people, but until her death a few years ago Madame de Valon was a notable figure in French society. Unlike her sisters and brother, who were devoted friends of the Emperor and Empress, she was strongly Legitimist in opinion; but before all she was patriotic; and this was proved in the terrible year, when she and her husband turned their château of Rosay, in Normandy, into a military hospital. Their generous kindness to the wounded of both armies, combined with the fact that there was a friendship of long standing between her mother's family and the Prussian Royalties, caused absurd suspicions which hurt Madame de Valon deeply. Through M. Pouyer-

Quertier, whose daughter became her sister-in-law, Madame de Valon was a good deal mixed up in the peace negotiations, and unpublished letters and documents add political interest to a book already full of charm. While we are talking of the war, the Marquis Costa de Beauregard's posthumous volume, *Pages d'Histoire et de Guerre* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.), with its sympathetic preface by M. Henry Bordeaux, must not be neglected. Among its varied contents, nothing is more attractive than "Pendant et Après les Coups de Feu," a thinly veiled account of the author's personal experiences as a soldier. The book is worth having, as a memorial of one of the best men and most trustworthy writers of our time.

Coming to more literary memoirs, every admirer of Alphonse Daudet must welcome Madame Daudet's *Souvenirs autour d'un Groupe Littéraire* (Fasquelle, 3 fr. 50 c.). Her own graceful talent is shown to perfection in this small, delightful volume of recollections, consecrated to the memory of her husband and his friends,—Flaubert, the Goncourts, and others. No one can appreciate these men more kindly than Madame Alphonse Daudet has done; no one is capable of keener, juster, more delicate criticism of some of their work and its effect on the mind of France. Another book that appeals to lovers of literature, as such, is *La Dilecta de Balzac* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.), a sketch by Mrs. Ruxton of the novelist's early life and his curious relation—half lover, half son—to Madame de Berny, the touching original of Madame de Mortsauf in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*.

French literary history, from the seventeenth century to the Revolution, is excellently illustrated by two very different books,—*L'Académie Française sous l'Ancien Régime*, by its late secretary, M. Gaston Boissier (Hachette, 3 fr. 50 c.) and *Le Plaisant Abbé de Boisrobert*, by Emile Magne (Mercure de

France, 3 fr. 50 c.) The latter is one of those lively social studies of which the French have the secret. Its hero was a clever, frivolous creature, something of a poet, who crept into Richelieu's favor by wit and flattery, cut a fairly conspicuous figure at Louis XIII's Court, and was one of the early members of the Academy. M. Magne retails the gossip of the time, and his book is more amusing than edifying,—a lifelike and truly French picture. In M. Boissier's pages the Academy moves with a much more dignified air. M. Courbaud, who writes the preface, warns us that the latter part of the book was only sketched out by the learned and charming writer whom all literary France laments; but his friends have successfully edited the notes he left behind, and we have here an excellent account of the Academy during its first period, which ended with Marmontel.

Another book left unfinished by its author was *Madame, Mère du Régent* (Hachette, 3 fr. 50 c.) Madame Arvède Barine's historical portraits are well known; she was one of the first, and certainly the most distinguished, in her chosen style. This picture of "Liselotte" gives a much clearer and pleasanter idea of the very human Duchess in her most uncongenial surroundings than anything that has yet been written about her. Clever and entertaining to the last degree, the book only deepens one's regret for the loss of its gifted author. She had already prepared her last chapter; only the task of actual completion was left for another hand. Madame Arvède Barine's favorite period in history was the seventeenth century, with all its varied fascination. But there are many writers who find the eighteenth still more engrossing, and among these, difficult as the choice may be, one is bound to mention M. Jean Lorédan. *La Grande Misère et les Voleurs au XVIII^e Siècle* (Perrin, 5 fr.)

throws light on the dark background of French life in that century, the life which in a very few years was to make history in the Revolution. In some ways the book is a match for M. Funck-Brentano's famous *Mandrin*. It is the true history, from unpublished documents, of a woman-thief, Marion of Le Faouët, who with her gang terrorized Brittany for thirty years,—not a pleasant story in any way; full of sordid horror, but also of the most curious details of the time. This singular talent for making details live is possessed to a remarkable degree by a writer who has wisely chosen the inexhaustible world of Paris as his hunting-ground. I refer to M. Robert Hénard. *La Rue Saint-Honoré, de la Révolution à nos Jours* (Emile-Paul, 5 fr.) is the second volume of a book which was reviewed in the *Spectator* some time ago. One cannot turn its pages, full of romance and revolution, without confessing that the street of St. Honoré, home of the Jacobins, the Capucins, the Feuillants, comes near to being the most interesting in the world.

M. Robert de la Sizeranne needs no fresh introduction to English readers. The new series of his collected essays on art, *Le Miroir de la Vie: Essais sur l'Evolution Esthétique* (Hachette, 3 fr. 50 c.), shows, I venture to think, an advance in his chosen way of study. Specially attractive and original are "Les Dieux de l'Heure," the story of clock-making through the ages, and a delightful essay on the master and pupil, Chardin and Fragonard. In "Tumulo Solemnia" he traces with learning and charm the evolution of monumental art through many centuries. Art as illustrated by travel is always popular. It would be difficult to find a better example of this kind of book than M. André Godard's *Les Madones Comtadines* (Perrin, 3 fr. 50 c.), in which the history, the character, and the religious art of Provence are delightfully treated.

Going farther South, M. Gabriel Faure's *Heures d'Italie* (Fasquelle, 3 fr. 50 c.), a reprint of articles which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a book to be thoroughly enjoyed by all lovers of Italy. It might be rash to say quite as much of *Dans la Lumière de Rome*, by M. Edmond Renard (Perrin, 5 fr.) The way things strike him in his "pèlerinages et flâneries" may even repel some Northern minds; but the book is poetically written, and full of vivid touches which transport a reader to the heart of Rome.

A book of more general social interest and practical philosophy is *Le Mirage Oriental* (Perrin, 3 fr. 50 c.) M. Bertrand has made it his object to help the West to understand the East, and the result is a singularly curious and interesting study. The world of Islam, especially in Egypt and Turkey, is M. Bertrand's subject. He knows it well: for him all glamor has disappeared, all romance, even the local color beloved of tourists and now chiefly manufactured for their use. The spirit of the East, its morals—or their absence—its manners, customs, political ambitions, religious solidarity—the dangers and the hopes of the future—on all this M. Bertrand's book is valuable and enlightening.

Among recent novels which may be recommended, *La Croisée des Chemins* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.) takes easily a first place. M. Henry Bordeaux is one of the strongest writers of the day. The book is a clever picture of one side—the higher professional side—of Parisian life, and the characters are convincing, especially that of Pascal Rouvray, the young man, distinguished in science, whose life is torn between the claims of passion and of duty. Another curious and clever novel, *Les Deux Routes*, by Paul Tany (Perrin, 3 fr. 50 c.), deals with the artist life of Paris, and describes a man who has the strange faculty of posing as an infalli-

ble art critic without any real knowledge, and for some time deceives society. Maillard's career of falsehood and artificiality is contrasted in a telling story with that of an honest worker whom he does his best to ruin. *Le Miroir aux Alouettes*, by F. de Mestral-Combremont (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.), is also Parisian in atmosphere. The subject is the disillusioning of a literary man who marries to please his father, and afterwards meets his affinity in a young woman of advanced views. In spite of the author, one's sympathy cannot be quite withheld from Daniel Delombre's frivolous little wife. A very amusing chapter gives details of a meeting of advanced women who talk the most amazing, though not impossible, nonsense. A much pleasanter picture of middle-class life in Paris is *Par la Volonté et par la Grâce*, by Pierre Valdagne (Douville, 3 fr. 50 c.) A prettier character than Claire Saintras it would be difficult to find, or a happier ménage than hers with her excellent husband, whom by her own spirited efforts she lifts from his solid industrial position to be a Deputy and a Minister. Another good Parisian story is *Aimer quand même* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.), by the well-known writer Jean de la Brète, in which a great doctor falls in love with a penniless girl of good birth, and stands by her through terrible suspicions and trials which threaten to wreck her life and his own.

There is plenty of romance to be lived and written outside Paris. *Les Arriçants*, by Jean Yôle (Grasset, 3 fr. 50 c.), is a pathetic story of the struggle between old traditions and new forces which now shakes the heart of France. The scene is La Vendée. Among several episodes more or less painful, that of the imaginary wild boar may seem incredible to readers unacquainted with village life under the Republic. A more agreeable modern picture is drawn

by Madame de Puliga ("Brada") in her novel, *L'Ame Libre* (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.) Her touch is light, her style easy and lively, her characters, mostly charming people, move in spite of troubles in the brightest atmosphere, and all ends delightfully. Another most taking story is *Un Conte Bleu*, by Pierre Grasset (Grasset, 3 fr. 50 c.), the tale of a honeymoon and its tragic end; true in every touch of description and feeling, even in the gradual return of the light of life that had seemed to be extinguished. Longer, heavier, more thoughtful and mystical, full too of insight into human dreams and motives,

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is Madame Waltz's new novel, *La Vie Intérieure* (Perrin, 3 fr. 50 c.), in the less familiar setting of a Protestant household in the Ardennes. Still more variety of scene and subject may be found in *La Mésangère*, by Myriam Thélén (Plon-Nourrit, 3 fr. 50 c.), the touching diary of a girl who makes a home in her native village for suffering and neglected children. It may sound cynical to say so, but her reward is what might have been expected. The account of modern France is as true as it is sad, but the spirit of the book is charming.

E.

DICKENS'S CHILD CHARACTERS.

BY LADY DOUGHTY.

The beloved novelist, humorist, philosopher, philanthropist and wag of the past century, Charles Dickens, has become the children's hero and romancer in nearly all the English-speaking nations of the earth. Every child has been deluged in tears and convulsed with laughter as it followed the fortunes of the afflicted or the careers of the heroes or the clowns in the inexhaustible regions of Dickens's creation. Every one of its child characters has lived and had its being in the minds of the young. They have all had poor little Jo—the crossing sweeper—Little Nell, Paul and Florence Dombey, Tommy Traddles, Tiny Tim, Susan Nipper, Jenny Wren, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby for their companions through the vicissitudes of their careers, and parted with them at the grave or the marriage altar with grief and regret.)

Perhaps no picture is more complete in its realism and actual life than that of David Copperfield and Peggotty, his old nurse, with Barkis as a later comical adjunct. Through all the sad,

tragic and heartrending misfortunes of poor David, the love and angel-like care of dear old Peggotty runs as a bright, golden streak of sunshine. The loves of David and little Emily at Yarmouth is another pretty incident brightening the sad, gray life of the unfortunate boy. Perhaps, after all, there were more smiles than tears in David's career, though they ran a close race. But all through one loved David with all one's heart and soul, and shared a warm affection equally between poor Peggotty and quaint Betsey Trotwood, who seemed to spend her simple life between chasing the donkeys and small boys off her patch of green, and training things to grow in an obdurate little garden.

In Paul Dombey we have a quaint and sorrowful child character, who draws showers of tears at every step of his struggling and sad boyhood. It was one of the ironies dear to Dickens to make the hard, automatic, moneyed Mr. Dombey love the weakling Paul and loathe the other child Florence, who shared none of her beloved Paul's

ill-health, and to bring about the pathetic death of that boy at the cost of the extraordinary parent's utter misery. But before the end of Paul we go through many comical experiences with the weird figures surrounding him. Mrs. Pipchin, the vinegar proprietress of an establishment for rich children at Brighton, in particular. From crying wretchedly over little Paul wondering what the wild waves were saying, we fall to laughing over the terrible Mrs. Pipchin, the melancholic sympathy of Mrs. Wickham, and the Jack-in-the-box happenings of the irrepressible "slavery." Paul's dark school days at Dr. Blimber's establishment of education had one rainbow of delight every Saturday, when dear Florence paid her visit and made stronger the love between the lonely little pair. But Paul kept growing more delicate and more old-fashioned, until at last, with his worn, little hands in his sister's, and the shadow of hateful Mrs. Pipchin hovering near, he passed out of pain and misunderstandings. Only Florence was left to break her heart with grief and loneliness, and the stern, grim, ironcast Mr. Dombey left with a paler cheek and the annoyance of the firm's name—Dombey & Son—being rendered void by the boy's death. One said good-bye to Paul with a miserable lump in one's throat and a mist before one's eyes.

The wayward career of poor little Oliver Twist, perhaps the best known of all Dickens's creations, is vividly portrayed from the time he emerged from the autocratic rule of Mrs. Mann and Mr. Bumble, during his apprenticeship with the undertaker, and through his brave expedition into the great unknown world and liberty. Those were sad times for the orphan child, but they were nothing to the bad times that awaited him in the company of the Artful Dodger, whose smiling, impudent and foxy visage was the first ray of

sunshine to light up his desolate days. One followed the stormy path of Oliver into the awful den of the Jew Fagin, and suffered with him the horrors of his plight, the agonies of his trials and the shame of the roguish life forced upon him. How sweet was the visage of Mrs. Mann, how benevolent the dreaded Beadle, how companionable and cheering the thought of the grim coffins, in comparison with the fiendish rogues who held Oliver under hourly threat. One breathed in relief and happiness his days of sweet repose after his rescue by Mr. Brownlow until torn away from his happiness by the violence of Bill Sikes and Fagin. When once again he is emancipated by the kindly Mr. Giles and Mrs. Maylie, one shed no more tears—except a few here and there as the evil Fate seemed to threaten a return—finally taking leave of one's beloved little friend Oliver in the heart and home of Mr. Brownlow.

Little Nell is one of the most beautiful child characters in Dickens's wonderful world of big and little people. Her small angel face, pressed close to that of her dear old grandfather, is the first little picture we cherish in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and one of the first symbols of that child character that exceed in beauty and precious sweetness almost any other of Dickens's creations. Little Nell, with an instinct far beyond her childish years, saw the helplessness of that gentle, wandering old man, divined his weakness, and set herself up to be his prop, his pillar and his support. Simply and beautifully the pair dwelt, with rough, good-hearted, faithful Kit to play comic relief until Daniel Quilp started his evil machinations and sought to put the screw of his nefarious scheming on the foolish old grandfather. It is with a sad heart and a dread of misery that one follows the strange pair upon the cold, cheerless road of the vagrant to struggle for existence, undergoing the cruellest buf-

fetings of Fate, until at last Mrs. Jarley and her waxworks mercifully loomed into view and saved them from the slow torture of cold and starvation. One felt almost contented at Little Nell's lot after this, until the feeble old grandfather, falling in with a dissolute set of gamblers, stole the child's few miserable savings and nearly broke her heart. At last Little Nell could no longer protect the crazy grandfather, falling into delicacy and slipping away one quiet morning from the struggles, the suffering, and the sadness of her rough little life to join her sister angels in another world. /

Little Jo, the crossing sweeper! Dear to all is this little fellow whom Fate seemed to pursue with malicious mirth from the cradle to the grave. When good friends did cross his path, it was to find him in a fever. "I have been

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moved on and moved on more'n ever I was afore," he tells them, and though he is taken and cared for, the old fear of being moved on returns, and he escapes in the middle of the night and runs he knows not whither. Adventures befall him by the way, but he keeps "a movin' on," until, when he can fight the enemy no longer, he falls into kindly Allan Woodcourt's hands, where he lingers until he can "move on" no longer in this world.

These were but a few of the child characters Dickens has created. There were many others, but the task of dealing with them all was too big. Dickens knew better than any other son of genius the art of giving his pen-children flesh and blood reality and endowing them with a humanity that made one love and pity them like intimate friends of life. q/

SLEEP AND THE PHILOSOPHERS.

About half of what we call life is spent in the forgotten lands of sleep. Very few can bring back any account of their travels there, and yet every night we set out with a good heart towards the unknown land. It has become so much a custom that we hardly notice how strange a thing is sleep. But when the world was new to us, when we were children, there was always some spice of adventure in the night. Who does not know "My bed is a boat"?

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore,
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.
All night across the dark we steer,
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

Philosophers who have pretended to give an account of all experience have

studiously omitted any reference to sleep. Perhaps they have persuaded themselves that what happens in sleep does not matter much. But they will never persuade me of that. I do not mean that dreams should be added to our account of the real world. It is sleeping, and not dreaming, which is so important.

Poets have talked much about the relation between sleep and death. They are said to be twin brothers. But, if that be true, then death is indeed a beautiful thing and neither ghastly nor terrible. Nothing could ever make us afraid of sleep. He has been too kind to us. Sometimes sleep appears so great and generous that we can well understand how the Greeks thought it the power of a god. When we have been utterly tired in mind even more than in body, when we have felt pessimistic over this "best of all possible

worlds," then sleep has restored us to strength and hope. But even more when we have been, not tired, but just sufficiently satisfied with something done, then sleep has worked a miracle. For then it is that one goes through lands, through waters, and through airs, guided by winged sleep. There is a bronze head in the British Museum of the Greek god Sleep. It has had wings about its temples, wings soft and restful, not bat's wings. The face of the god is of eternal youth; it is rounded and yet strong. The mouth closes on mysteries. But the eyes, the eyes are such as see dreams. Calm and yet full of haunting memories, they are the eyes of all who know the fathomless air of sleep. All that goes on in sleep cannot be reduced to dream. I am one of those who believe that dreaming is only the attempt to translate the adventures of our sleeping hours into the language of waking life. That is why dreams seem only to be a jumble of our waking experiences. For if we must translate, surely we must use the experience of waking life. No, dreams are nothing as compared to sleep.

We truly live while we sleep, but in sleep there is no time. Everyone knows how difficult it is, on first waking, to tell how long one has slept. Of course the "how long" is always calculated by the sun or the clocks of waking life. In sleep there seems to be no length; but there is depth. We may sink deeper and deeper into sleep. It is strange that so many languages keep those words connected with water or with air in order to explain sleep. It is a confession that in a true sense we may believe that we leave the solid earth when we sleep. In sleep also there is no space. Travel how we will during the day, the night finds us always bound for that same land of sleep which is as well known as home. Whenever, as in waking dreams, we try

to explain where we have been in sleep, the places are merely confused together. But in deep sleep which is dreamless or of which no memory survives in waking life, in such sleep there are no places. Yet I cannot doubt that experience as wide as that which may come from travel comes from sleep. The man who can sleep is already removed from the village politics, the provincialisms of his waking life. He has in sleep a life which is not troubled by the trivial interests of any corner of the world. He has visited then the only city in which no man is an alien, and from that visit his face, even on waking, wears the calm dignity of the universe.

Sleep, then, in many ways transforms life and gives a new color to experience. To undervalue sleep in our judgment on life is to misrepresent the real world. To neglect the experiences which we owe to sleep is bad philosophy. For just as the "subconscious" has proved a valuable discovery in psychology, so may sleep, once acknowledged, revolutionize philosophy. We cannot conceive of life and death until we have thought of the mystery of sleep.

I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who, to my waking eyes, looked cold and starved and ragged, sat upon one of the benches on the Embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or, if you

think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight, then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up, out of our native air, into the space between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.

Waking life is connected from day to day by memory. We fall asleep, let us say, in our bed when it is dark and we wake perhaps at dawn. Then we have to connect the day newly begun with all that has gone before, and we do this by means of the surroundings in which we find ourselves on waking. Thus we treat of all our waking life as one connected tale, and we scarcely notice that in fact we have to make for ourselves the connection, since the intervals of sleep have really broken in.

Now sleep, too, is a connected life, broken into by the fits of waking. Some have consciously experienced the connection between one night's sleep and another's. But that is comparatively an unimportant fact; the more striking fact is that the experience of sleep seems to go on under all waking life. Sleep is really more connected as an experience than in waking, for it is what is happening to three-quarters of our soul even when we are most vividly awake. That is why some have said that waking life is but a dream—it seems to be merely a series of episodes within the one life of sleep. That is why psychologists can talk of a point of consciousness within the vague background of the unconscious.

If there be any truth, however poetic and metaphorical, in the conception of waking life as a dream, we shall have to remodel our ideas of death. Socra-

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tes at his death offered a cock to Asklepios, the healer, because he was then delivered from the last disease, which is life. That wonderful line of our own poet holds the same truth:—

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

To be delivered then from the feverous tossing, the uneasy dream, is not a thing to be feared. But to take our measures in waking life to obtain such a deliverance is to make the dreamer in his dream devise his own medicine. It is too dangerous thus, in a dreaming fit, to play with real life. If life be a dream it is in sleep alone that we may devise our escape from it. But put aside the thoughts that come from the insight of poets, leave sleep even in the form seen by the ordinary man, and it still appears that it is godlike. The mistake of our times, among thinkers even, is not that we have a god too many, but that our gods are too few. Break all the idols of waking life and there is at least one divinity who giveth his beloved sleep.

Our protest, then, in the name of common-sense is against all philosophy which omits sleep in its account of life. We have read systems and schemes of all things knowable and some other things. We have explored logical mazes, designed in Germany, which have pretended to be accounts and explanations of real life. We have been deafened with disputes about quantity and quality and essence. But all the while the man of common-sense has sought in vain for any treatment of that real experience, that real life in which sleeping fills so large a part. To bring a thought of sleep into the minds of vigilant philosophers would perhaps soften the crudity of their logic and even make them understand the trivial nature of all philosophy when life itself appears.

C. D. B.

NYM.

When Nym first came, a two-months-old fox terrier puppy, barrel-bodied, short-nosed, shrill-yelping, with nothing of his final self about him but the mapping of his black-and-tan upon the glossy white, and on his first walk abroad was rescued from the edge of an open well, it was inevitable that some forecasting guess should be made about his career. He was the fifth in a dynasty which had lasted from school-room days to those middle years when it is clearly too late to learn; and the thought of his predecessors—from the half mythical Mike, the founder of the line, to the late-lost Peter—raised surmises as to what Nym's length of days would be, and what the manner of his end, and of the days of mourning which would be kept for him in his turn. And now twelve years have gone by, and after all the chances weathered of distemper, of battle and the chase, the perils of the highway and the woods, Nym's course is done at last, and the loss is heavier than the early forecast divined. It is a year since he died, but no successor yet fills his place; the little figure is still missed from the hearth, close-curved against the fender-bar, or from the shining lawn, stretched at length to the sun, or from the field paths and hedge sides of the wonted hillside. But it is with the garden that his memory is chiefly bound. A man of reasonably conservative mind will miss a rosebush at a corner, a bough of a tree that came against the sky, things whose shape and station had become a part of custom in paces about familiar limits; but the small creature which moved among the walks and lawns for a decade of our downhill years that go so lightly and count so dear was not a thing to be reckoned in terms of flowers or trees. With the picture of summer weather beneath the

fir grove, fixed upon the mind by uneventful return year after year as a sort of standard or rule of calm happiness, with the glow and stir of the crowded flowers, the soft blue distances, the quiet moving figures about the sunlit paths, with the image of these is inseparably joined the thought of Nym watching the gate all the morning from his post before the house, or taking his ease in the afternoon, shifting his quarters from the sunlit turf to the beech-tree shade, and back to the glowing slope again, with a grunting sigh of contentment as he stretched himself to the heat or the cool. It is hard to think at times that he will not rouse to greet a well-known footstep with elaborate stretch and yawn, and stand, with dropped ears and vibrant tail, clean-limbed, deep-chested, in the hard bright coat that glistened like marble against the dark of the shrubbery, no effeminate fleece hiding the statue-like muscles of shoulder and flank or blunting the lines of the fine, lean head. The silence seems still to expect his bark, some one of the hundred tones in its gamut: the peal against trespassers, or one of the degrees of welcome that were set for every length of absence, from the lazy recognition after an hour's doze to the bounding and whirling uproar which met the master after he had been a month away. Faint echoes of the chase yet haunt the place: the breathless yell as he raced a yard behind a rabbit's scut, the subterranean snort half choked in a rat-hole, the unmistakable bay, full of puzzled indignation, which always signified the discovery of a hedgehog within the bounds. These were all simple language which men have contrived to translate; but what of all the idiom of whines and inward grunts and whimpering yelps

which questioned and deprecated and expostulated, and our dull wits could only make helpless guesses at their meaning? With his vocabulary of some thirty words of our tongue, perfectly understood and acted upon, Nym was a far better linguist than his masters, who never got beyond the barest elements of dog-speech. It was this incapacity of ours which gave the strongest regret to his passing. There were times when the compelling paw laid on knee or hand, the anxious appeal in the eyes, the restless insistence of the repetitions and inflections of his talk-noises seemed to mean that he was trying to tell some secret and to express a half-sorrowful, half-upbraiding wonder at the inaccessible powers that would not understand. Our ignorance is invincible; the best we can do is perhaps to venture a guess that the incommunicable secret, the helpless pathos implies some sense, however dim, of the divided destinies, of the hour when the four-footed trail turns back from beside the master's footsteps in the middle way.

Though Nym was more than elderly, as dogs count their age, he kept a youthful spirit to the last. It is a question whether any dog ever played games simply to amuse himself; though Nym gambolled with exuberant energy to his last days, he always required an audience, and usually a partner, in his folly. His wildest romps, racing in headlong circles through flowerbeds and garden quarters rigidly respected in sober hours, revolved about the vainly protesting gardener; his supreme enjoyment in tearing up an old hat lost its zest the moment that the onlookers turned away; the game with two tennis-balls which he devised for himself, catching each, and running across with it as it was bowled to him in turn from the two wickets, the weeping ash and the copper beech on the lawn, had rules to be observed rigidly by the hu-

man players. Such sports were in some degree a concession to our tastes; in his own devices Nym was of a sedate and considered carriage; the discreet importance of his private errands about the garden paths when he thought that he was unobserved, the unconcerned air that masked his change of route when intercepted in a bone-burying expedition or unofficial hunting trip, were part of his real nature, unlike the frivolous make-believe which the breed seems to have acquired from man. The war-dance round the body of the slain foe, the rat or rabbit caught in the close, or brought in triumph from the fields and laid down on an accustomed spot on the lawn within sight of the house, was hardly to be called play; the prancings and sidlings round the limply corpse, the odd pauses with averted eye, were part of the terrier's fine-wrought instinct of destruction. From the day when, barely half-grown, he nipped a rat in a difficult corner and brought off the rattling shake which all his ancestors had used, Nym killed with ruthless science and insatiable zeal; and, as things are constituted in a land of very poor farming and high preserving, with untold profit to the estate he guarded. There were elements of generosity in his warfare; his definition of vermin had limits. Against the rat his whole nature seemed to vibrate in implacable fury! stray cats he would hunt over the boundaries, more on principle, it seemed, than with any real fervor of the chase; moles he was evidently bothered to classify, but declined to recognize them as game; hedgehogs he treated with a sort of waggish protest, as trespassers rather ridiculous than reprehensible. The blackbirds under the strawberry nets in summer roused his ire, in a way that the sparrows who robbed his dinner-trough failed to do. And now the watchful sentry sleeps, the stringent police of the demesne is withdrawn, and all the injurious tribes

may lift their heads again and insult upon Nym's grave.

It is perhaps the extremely conservative natures of the household beasts which cause much of the pain in our parting from them. Change was so hateful to Nym that it is felt the more sharply in his loss. The faithfulness to ideals which once moved him to sit and howl for a whole day outside a new kennel, refusing to enter it, or be comforted for the taking away of the old, and taught him to eat his dinner if he could in certain forbidden places, now makes the empty hutch and trough too importunate reminders, relics to be packed away in lumber corners where no one goes.

Easy enough to say that all such sentiment is out of scale, that so much thought for a dog is trenching on the prerogative of mankind—"humane" in a doubly perverted sense of the much-misused word. But yet, when all is said, there is a tie between the dog and his master which holds its place beside all the bonds between man and man. The very limitations of the fellowship, the barrier of silence, give it its peculiar power. The strength of the tie has puzzled the wisest men, and sometimes even made them ashamed for its unaccountableness. In that vast storehouse of curious wisdom

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whose dust is now so seldom disturbed, Plutarch's "Moralia," there is an essay on "Tranquillity" which in one place tries to explain why Ulysses could keep back his tears at the grief of Penelope, but not when old Argus, dying on the dunghill, greeted his master with dropped ear and wagging tail. The reason given for the difference—the condition of unexpectedness or the reverse—serves by its neat and scientific inefficacy to emphasize the strange power of the link between some breeds of dogs and men. Scott, in his diary at Edinburgh after the catastrophe, wrote: "My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. . . . I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense . . . but it is what they would do could they know how things may be." Here it is Argus again that has the tear. Whatsoever the strand of union may be, its breaking is a pain that mends but slowly for any philosophy. Hardening the heart will not do it; no one who cared for dogs was ever a cynic; the dog-man understands too well the stupid blundering which forged that name.

SCIENTIFIC HISTORY.

(The Up-to-date Historian Speaks.)

Did any man of old desire
To strum a tune on Clio's lyre,
Full easy was his task because
He simply strummed, and there he was.
No need for him with tollful pain
To cultivate a special brain,
No need to study in the schools
The latest scientific rules,
Nor did he make the least pretence
To learn the laws of evidence.
Herodotus, for instance, glories
In idle tales and fairy stories;

Whatever yarns of headless men
 He chanced to hear, he seized his pen
 And wrote them down upon his tables,
 No matter whence he learnt the fables.
 There's scarce a word of his that I
 Could not pronounce a monstrous lie—
 In short, a child could show the man
 Was either fool or charlatan.

Thucydides was little better:
 He was Imagination's debtor;
 He had no notion in his pate
 Of what is meant by "accurate."
 His own unaided fingers wrote
 The speeches which he loved to quote,
 How *Nikias* spoke, how *Kleon* answered—
 He had no *Times* nor files of *Hansard*.

Gibbon, again, but little knew
 What history is meant to do:
 Instead of scientific facts,
 State records, legislative acts,
 He gives a pageant highly tinted
 By spectacles through which he squinted.

Carlyle, *Macaulay*—if one tries,
 To talk about their brazen lies,
 One's words and patience quickly fail—
 They both are quite beyond the pale.

How different am I! How thorough
 The care with which I delve and burrow
 To trace a fact. They were content
 Simply to read a document;
 They did not know the keen, ecstatic
 Joy of the art of diplomatic.
 My parchments carefully I pass
 Beneath a magnifying-glass,
 And every inch I scan to spot
 What parts are genuine, what not.
 When all the good has been selected
 And all the spurious rejected,
 I test again and then prepare
 To weigh the evidence with care.
 The various readings I collate,
 The pros and cons at length I state,
 And for each line of text I quote
 A page or two of priceless note,
 Wherein, meticulously traced,
 You read on what my facts are based.

And yet this curious thing I find:
 Despite my scientific mind,
 Despite my vast superiority,
 In dealing with an old authority,
Gibbon and *Co.* are studied still
 While my admirers number *nil*.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The seven discourses on "The Lord's Prayer" which Dr. Charles F. Aked groups together in a volume bearing that title are not contributions to criticism or theological discussion, but direct and forceful presentations of the phrases and petitions of the Lord's prayer in their relation to personal belief, conduct and aspiration. They are charged with a real but unstudied eloquence and are distinctly helpful and encouraging. The Fleming H. Revell Company.

Elizabeth Wilder and Edith Mendall Taylor are joint authors of a little book of but a little more than one hundred pages, "Self Help and Self Cure" which aims to set forth as briefly as possible the essential principles of mental healing. It certainly serves the purpose indicated in its sub-title, "A Primer of Psychotherapy" and even readers who are not prepared to accept its conclusions may find it at once stimulating and tranquilizing. Small, Maynard & Co.

Winthrop Packard's "Woodland Paths" (Small, Maynard & Co.) contains a baker's dozen of charming outdoor papers suited to the spring-time. The paths through which Mr. Packard takes his readers in these pages are not far removed from city streets, and city dwellers might well be lured by them to find for themselves the joys of a free out-door life, the woods and streams, the fields and hills, the birds and butterflies which are to be found at no great distance, and with no great effort. Mr. Packard is a delightful guide, even if one follows him only through his pages; and his little book, for which George Copeland furnishes illustrations, is fully charged with the joy and beauty of the opening spring.

Mr. Ellery H. Clark has the art of constructing a wonderfully satisfactory villain, a creature whom one can hate with one's whole mind, even while seeing that he is so plausible that he might anywhere pass for a man, and in "The Carleton Case" is set forth such a being. The hero is the drunkard who has at least thrice adorned American fiction since New Year's day, but he is restored to temperance and good behavior before the story ends. A minor character, a conscientious and pains-taking author, is very well drawn and both plot and personages are well conceived. The book lacks the artistically introduced tragic note of "Loaded Dice," but it is above the average story. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The eleventh volume of "The Works of James Buchanan," collected and edited by John Bassett Moore, and published in a limited edition by the J. B. Lippincott Company, covers the period from September 1860 to April 1868, and contains an appendix in which are grouped certain papers and letters not included in their proper chronological order. There is rather a larger proportion than usual of personal letters, which often are diverting and illuminating. The most important single paper is the amazing message which Buchanan sent to Congress in December 1860, when the country was on the verge of the great civil war. Read after nearly fifty years it throws light upon the confusions and perplexities of that troublous time and upon Buchanan's inadequate equipment for the great emergency. Of interest also, in this connection, is the correspondence with the "commissioners" of South Carolina, solemnly appointed by that seceding state to treat with the government of the United States. Also of more

than ordinary interest are letters written by Edwin M. Stanton to Buchanan, after the war had actually begun, communicating inside information as to events in progress at Washington. The servile tone of these letters is so offensive that it is refreshing to find Mr. Buchanan, in a letter written to his niece, Miss Lane, in January 1862, saying of Stanton "He was always on my side, and flattered me *ad nauseam*."

Miss K. L. Montgomery's "The Cardinal's Pawn" is a story of Venice and Florence, severely taxing the wickedness of the Medici, and the despotic unscrupulousness of the Ten to account for its events, and picturing Bianca de Capelli as a monster of clever wickedness, which is neutralized in action by the wickedness of two women of lower estate and the genius of a Medici Cardinal. The sequence of events is logical, and the events are well-described, and although the story is overdrawn, it amuses, and its happy ending is moral enough inasmuch as the heroine and her lover are the innocents of the book, being guilty of nothing worse than murder in self-defense. "The Cardinal's Pawn" belongs to the publishers' new seventy-five cent series, and repeats the promise of the first volume. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company publishes three books for young people: "Four Boys and a Fortune," a story in which Mr. E. T. Tomlinson carries to England the four boys whose adventures in the Yellowstone, in the Land of Cotton and On the Mississippi he has narrated in previous volumes, and describes their quest for a fortune in the shape of a profitable coal mine falling by inheritance to the family of one of them; "The Boys of Brookfield Academy," a stirring story of school-boy athletics and school-boy secret societies and the mischief which they

wrought, by Warren L. Eldred; and "John and Betty's History Visit" by Margaret Williamson, a story in which an American boy and his sister, and an English boy and his sister are taken through England and visit together various picturesque and historic scenes. Twenty-four illustrations from photographs bring before young readers the scenes described.

Mr. Dan Blair, possessor of fifty millions, speaking a tongue of which not more than half was comprehensible, ignorant of English social usages, and suddenly introduced to a group of idle, gambling, frivolous peers and their consorts, remains unconscious of its unpleasant characteristics, until he has engaged himself to a mercenary and adulterous Duchess, mistaking her for his ideal Englishwoman. Naturally shocked when he discovers her wickedness he breaks his engagement and in a paroxysm of revulsion towards virtue insists upon wedding an American actress of whose immorality he has had visual proof, his ground of action being that he bought soda from her in the days of his youth. This tale is told by Miss Marie Van Vorst in "The Girl from his Town" and one is given to understand that it is patriotic and moral. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The story of the duel of affection between Southern woman and Northern man is now some forty-five years of age, but it seems as fresh as it was in the days when Mr. Howells welcomed one of its first specimens when "secesh" was still a harshly hissed epithet and "chivalry" was scornfully uttered North of Virginia, but who tires of the tale? Here is Miss Mary Imlay Taylor's "Caleb Trench" in which a transplanted Pennsylvanian Quaker plays the lover, and a lovely Southern girl with all the proper typical attri-

butes is the object of his suit. Although the time is recent and the comparatively modern element of dishonest speculation enters into the plot, the struggle for supremacy is between the Southerner, aristocrat in feeling, and the Northerner, democratic in sympathy, and the utterly illogical prejudices which determine all the action are matters of latitude and naught else. Further, the story is so well planned and carried out that it leaves the reader prepared to welcome an endless succession of similar tales. The femininity of the South and the masculinity of the North will be good subject matter until comes a war huge enough to blot out the impression of the great civil struggle, and far hence be that day! Meantime Caleb Trench, honest politician, able lawyer, sturdy gentleman, is a hero to remember. Little, Brown & Co.

Familiarity with arranged marriages, and belief that a wife and a dowry are inseparable might make deliberate search for an American heiress willing to buy him and his title quite possible to a French Duke, even if he were almost ideally chivalric of soul, but after marriage he might perceive the entirely commercial nature of the transaction and revolt, and such is the behavior of the French hero in "The Duke's Price," in producing which Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown have collaborated. Roland François Jean du Plessis de Longtour has honestly endeavored to support his mother and sisters and himself on such scraps of money and income-producing property as his prodigal father left him; he is called the handsomest man in Paris, he rules his family in good European fashion, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown set themselves the easy problem of making his wife love him. The patriarchal system of family government still prevalent among the European nobility, French,

Italian, German and Spanish has been so fully described by Mrs. Sartoris, Mme. Craven, Mr. Crawford, the Marchesa Theodoli, Elizabeth of the Garden and a score of others that there is little room for novelty in a new story, and the best part of it is the description of certain young noblemen of the ugly Parisian type, bitterly hated by well-bred Frenchmen of good family, and still misunderstood by the Americans in fiction in spite of Mr. Henry James and all his followers. The authors' English is more accurate than that affected by the American novelist of to-day, and if they had chosen to depict an American heroine, they would have added a noteworthy volume to what might be called the Franco-American marriage series, but an Italo-Irish girl cannot be regarded as representing anybody but her individual self, and her story can be compared with nothing but Mrs. Humphrey Ward's presentation of a foreign girl as American. It is much better than the English-woman's book and the Irish father, although slightly sketched, is of the best type American citizen of Irish descent yet seen in American fiction. His daughter, perhaps because he gave her the egregious hybrid name of Stephana is slightly wilful and inclined at first to rebel against the French theory of family government, but her attempted elopement in cold blood is inconceivable in a girl of Irish plety, trained in an atmosphere of American humor. She behaves like a remarkably silly girl reared in Mohammedan seclusion and ignorance of the world and does not deserve the ingenious rescue planned by the authors. But possibly an Italo-Irish girl might behave after her fashion. There are not many examples of the type to study, and a hasty decision might wrong the authors of a clever if sometimes inconsistent story. Houghton Mifflin Company.

